







BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

HANS BRINKER;
OR,
THE SILVER SKATES.

A STORY OF LIFE IN HOLLAND.

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HOLLYHOCK, HOLLYHOCK, BEND FOR ME ;
I WANT A CHEESE FOR MY DOLLY'S TEA.

RHYMES AND JINGLES

BY

MARY MAPES DODGE

AUTHOR OF "HANS BRINKER," ETC



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TO

THE CHILDREN.

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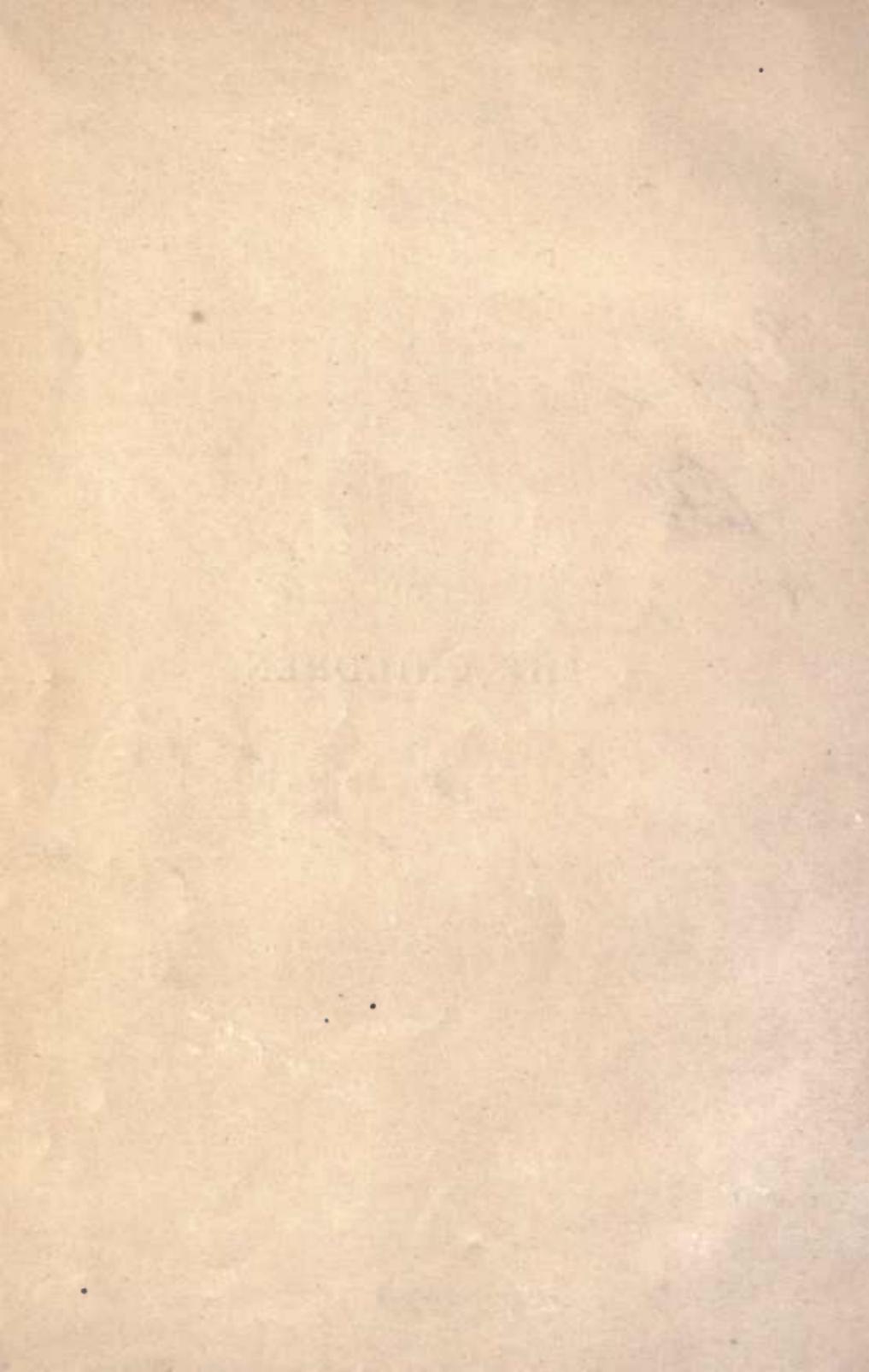


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RHYMES AND JINGLES.

ELFIN JACK, THE GIANT-KILLER.

Do not think the story
Of the giant-killer's glory
Is known and cherished only by yourselves,
O, my dears ;



For his deeds so daring,
And his trick of scaring
All his foes, are quite familiar to the elves,
It appears.

In the starlight, tender—
In the moonlight's splendor
Do they gather and recount every deed,
It is said;
How he met a hornet,
Who was playing on a cornet,
Out of tune; and he slew him with a reed,—
Slew him dead!

How, growing ever bolder,
With his reed upon his shoulder,
And an acorn-shield upon his little arm
Well equipped—
He sought a mighty giant,
Who was known as “Worm, the pliant,”
And after giving battle, fierce and warm,
Left him whipped.

How he saw a spider
With her victim, dead, inside her,
Told her, in a voice of fury, to begone
From his sight;
How he killed her when she'd risen
To her cruel, fatal prison,
And nobly freed her captives, so forlorn,—
Gallant knight!

Ah, but the elves are proudest,
And ring his praises loudest,
When telling of a snail, grim and hoary,
In his mail.

With those fearful horns before him,
Jack gallantly upbore him,
And killed him with a thrust (to his glory)
In the tail !



List in the starlight, tender,—
List in the moonlight's splendor,—
For a whirring, like hurrahing, in the glen,
Far and near.
'T is the elves who, looking back
To their giant-killer, Jack,
Tell his story to each other, funny men !
With a cheer.

THE MAYOR OF SCUTTLETON.

THE Mayor of Scuttleton burned his nose
Trying to warm his copper toes ;
He lost his money and spoiled his will
By signing his name with an icicle-quill ;
He went bare-headed, and held his breath,
And frightened his grandame most to death ;
He loaded a shovel, and tried to shoot,
And killed the calf in the leg of his boot ;
He melted a snow-bird, and formed the habit
Of dancing jigs with a sad Welsh rabbit ;
He lived on taffy, and taxed the town ;
And read his newspaper upside down ;
Then he sighed, and hung his hat on a feather,
And bade the townspeople come together ;
But the worst of it all was, nobody knew
What the Mayor of Scuttleton next would do.

FIRE in the window ! flashes in the pane !
Fire on the roof-top ! blazing weather-vane !
Turn about, weather-vane ! put the fire out !
The sun's going down, sir, I have n't a doubt.



He came behind me, and covered my eyes,
"Who is this?" growled he, so sly,
"Why, Cousin Jeremy, how can I tell,
When my eyes are shut?" said I.



LITTLE Jenny with a pail
Tripping to the spring;
Little Jack astride a rail
Laughed to hear her sing.



Little Jenny softly said,
"I'm tired as I can be."
But Jack was sure that the little maid
Said, "Carry my pail for me."



BYE, baby, night is come,
And the sun is going home
Bye, baby, bye !
All the flowers have shut their eyes ;
On the grass a shadow lies ;
Bye, baby, bye !

Bye, baby, birds are sleeping ;
One by one the stars are peeping ;
Bye, baby, bye !
In the far-off sky they twinkle,
While the cows come tinkle, tinkle ;
Bye, baby, bye !

Bye, baby, mother holds thee ;
Loving, tender care infolds thee ;
Bye, baby, bye !
Angels in thy dreams caress thee ;
Through the darkness guard and bless thee ;
Bye, baby, bye !

SNOW.

LITTLE white feathers, filling the air—
Little white feathers ! how came ye there ?
“We came from the cloud-birds sailing so high ;
They’re shaking their white wings up in the sky.”

Little white feathers, how swift you go !
Little white feathers, I love you so !
“We are swift because we have work to do ;
But hold up your face, and we’ll kiss you true.”

OH, where are all the good little girls,—
Where are they all to-day ?
And where are all the good little boys ?
Tell me, somebody, pray.
Safe in their fathers’ and mothers’ hearts
The girls are stowed away ;
And where the girls are, look for the boys,—
Or so I’ve heard folk say.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

ONE Christmas Eve a little maid
Into a fire-lit parlor strayed ;
And there on a chair lay the pretty song
Her sister had sung her,— Dingle-dong !

That rang like Christmas bells.

Dingle, dingle, ting, dong !

So sweet and clear, so warm and strong
Dingle, dingle, ting, dong !
Merry Christmas bells.

“ I’ll play it ! ” said the little maid ;
“ The blaze is bright, I’m not afraid !
I’ll play it on the chair, and sing.”
So down she sat, and dingle, ting,
The ready Christmas bells,
Dingle, dingle, ting, dong !
Sounded forth so sweet and long,—
Dingle, dingle, ting, dong !
Happy Christmas bells.

“ It’s darker ! ” thought the little maid ;
“ But never mind, I’m not afraid !
For Jesus once, in Galilee,
Was just a little child like me.
He loves the Christmas bells.”
Dingle, dingle, ting, dong !
O baby voice ! so sweet and strong !
Dingle, dingle, ting, dong !
Holy Christmas bells !



“‘I’LL PLAY IT!’ SAID THE LITTLE MAID.”

MY LADDIE.

OH! have you seen my laddie?
His heart is true and kind;
His cheeks are fresh and rosy,
His hair floats on the wind.

He's a brave and lightsome laddie,
On honest toil intent.
Oh! we had some words this morning,
And I don't know where he went.

You'll know if he's my laddie
By the twinkle in his ee
When you whisper to him softly
That he may come to me.

MARCH.

IN the snowing and the blowing,
In the cruel sleet,
Little flowers begin their growing
Far beneath our feet.
Softly taps the Spring, and cheerly,—
“Darlings, are you here?”
Till they answer, “We are nearly,
Nearly ready, dear.”

“Where is Winter, with his snowing?
Tell us, Spring,” they say.
Then she answers, “He is going,
Going on his way.
Poor old Winter does not love you;
But his time is past;
Soon my birds shall sing above you,—
Set you free at last.”



GARDEN SONGS.



LITTLE green Hummer
Was born in the summer ;
His coat was as bright
As the emerald's light.
Short was his song,
Though his bill it was long ;
His weight altogether
Not more than a feather.
From dipping his head
In the sunset red,
And gilding his side
In its fiery tide,
He gleamed like a jewel,
And darted around,
'Twixt sunlight and starlight,
Ne'er touching the ground.

Now over a blossom,
Now under, now in it ;
Here, there, and everywhere,
All in a minute.

Ah ! never he cared
Who wondered and stared, —
His life was completeness
Of pleasure and sweetness ;
He revelled in lightness,
In fleetness and brightness,
This sweet little Hummer
That came with the summer.

GLUCK ! gluck ! From under a log,
Squatting and leaping, comes Flucky the Frog.
Wide is his mouth, and spreading his toes ;
Very elastic and shiny his clothes ;
Though lofty his jumpings and brazen his stare,
He sees not the Hummer that flits in the air.



A LAD of Nansook
A balsam-pod took,
And he pressed the ends with a will ;
The sudden report
Was capital sport,
And the seeds they are flying still.

OH, I'd search the world over
For one four-leaved clover !
Bend low, pretty grass, bend low !
Jump, little crickets ! and tumble, you bees !
Green little grasshoppers, limber your knees !
There's one hidden somewhere, I know.





SUNLIGHT or starlight,
Tilly, my nilly,
Find me a stem
Of the tiger-lily ;
I'll fill it full
From the fountain there
And spirt the water
Over your hair !

“GOOD Mistress Sundial, what’s the hour ?”
“Alack ! to tell you I have n’t power.
It rains ; and I only can work, you see,
When the sun is casting his light upon me.
I’m nothing at all but a senseless block
Whenever his beautiful rays depart ;
But ask my neighbor, the Four-o’clock ;
She carries the time o’ day in her heart.”

—

SOME one in the garden murmurs all the day ;
Some one in the garden moans the night away ;
Deep in the pine-trees, hidden from our sight,
He murmurs all day, and moans all the night.

WIRE-LOCKS, Curly-pate, Tangle, and Floss,
To make some fine curls they were quite at a loss,
Till they found them a field of the bright dandelion,
And made the green ringlets with only half trying.

OLD BUM of Bumbleby bumped his nose,
Trying to light on a damask rose ;
He bumped his nose, but he didn't care
As he pitched about in the dizzy air.
Whenever he tried to his love to fly,
He would shoot ahead and pass her by ;
So he tumbled at last on a larkspur near,
And buzzed his business into her ear.



UNDER the willow, out of the rain,
We'll string us many a lilac chain,
Shining and sweet, and fair to see,
Some for my darling and some for me.



LITTLE Polly, always clever,
Takes a leaf of live-forever;
Before you know it
You see her blow it,
A gossamer sack
With a velvet back.
How big it grows
As she puffs and blows!

But have a care,
It is full of air.
Ere Polly will stop
It'll crack with a pop ;
And that's the end of the live-forever ;
But little Polly is very clever.

“LIFT UP YOUR FACE, LITTLE DAISY.”



LIFT up your face, little daisy, pray ;
I can't stand here in the grass all day.
Jamie sent me, and Jamie is sick.
He says you are far too sweet to pick,
But he gave me something to give to you ;
So hold up your cheek, little daisy, do.

I know where there's a beautiful shoe,
 Tiny and sweet, and ready for you ;
 It hides away in the balsam-flower,
 But I'll find you a pair in less than an hour.

“Thank you, my laddie ; now this I'll do,
 I'll pluck a heart-flower just for you ;



The hearts hang close on a bending spray,
 And every heart hides a lyre away.

“How shall you find it ? I'll tell you true :
 You gently sunder the heart in two,
 And under the color, as white as milk,
 You'll find the lyre with its strings of silk.

HOBBLEDY HOPS.



HOBBLEDY HOPS
He made some tops
Out of the morning-glory ;
He used the seed, —
He did indeed ;
And that's the end of my story.



BRIGHT little buttercup, now you will show
Whether my darling likes butter or no.
Buttercup, buttercup, will you begin?
Shine me an answer under her chin.

THE ANTS.

GOOD Mistress Ant, I pray, what is the matter?
Why this commotion without any clatter?
"Alack! alack! we're ruined, you see;
I've lost my children, and they've lost me!
Our houses have fallen, our city is gone,
And thousands are murdered or running forlorn.
Ah me! who would think that such power to destroy
Could lurk in the heel of a bare-footed boy?"



BURS.

DEAR me!

What shall it be?
Such sticky affairs
Did ever you see?
Let's make a basket,
Let's make a mat,
Let's make a tea-board,
Let's make a hat;
Let's make a cottage,
Windows and doors;
You do the roof,
And I'll do the floors.
Let's make a pancake,—
Stick 'em together;
See how they fasten
Close to each other!
Tied to one's heel
They would answer for spurs;
Ah, how we love 'em,
These comical burs!



HOLLYHOCK, hollyhock, bend for me ;
I want a cheese for my dolly's tea.
I'll put it soon on an acorn plate,
And dolly and I shall feast in state.

WHEN the sun is sinking low in the skies,
The evening primrose opens her eyes.
"Come back, dear Sun," she seems to say ;
"I've been dreaming of you the live-long day."

Ho, Dandelion ! my lightsome fellow !
What's become of all your yellow ?
"My bonnie yellow it wouldn't stay,
It turned about and it went away,
Till nothing at all was left of me
But the misty, feathery ball you see ;
Yet pluck me off, and blow me well,
The time o' day I'll surely tell."

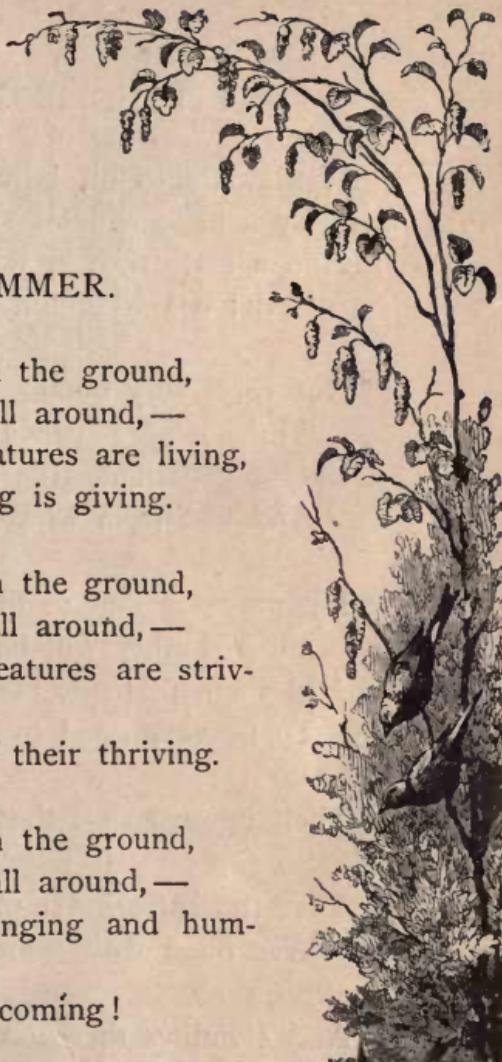
Whiff ! whiff ! " Blow again, —
Blow with all your might and main."
Whiff ! whiff ! That is four.
Now I've but two feathers more.
Whiff ! How tight the last one sticks !
Whiff ! It's gone ; and that makes six.
The sun is getting low, I see,
And we must hurry home to tea.

SONG OF SUMMER.

Up in the tree top, down in the ground,
High in the blue sky, far, all around,—
Near by and everywhere creatures are living,
God in his bounty something is giving.

Up in the tree top, down in the ground,
High in the blue sky, far, all around,—
Near by and everywhere creatures are striv-
ing,
Labor is surely the price of their thriving.

Up in the tree top, down in the ground,
High in the blue sky, far, all around,—
Near by and everywhere, singing and hum-
ming,
Busily, joyfully, Summer is coming !



LITTLE BEGINNINGS.

A LITTLE girl on a little bench
By a little window stood,
And a little trouble was in her heart—
“Ah! if I were but good!”

“Not very, very good,” she thought,
“Like dear cousin Jane who died;
But only patient, true and kind,
• And free from wicked pride.

“I'll pray for that at first,” she said,
“Our Father will help me try.
And then, perhaps, He will show the way,
To be very good by and by.”

Then upward rose the little prayer—
So earnestly it went,
That the little heart of the little maid
Was filled with a sweet content.

And standing there on the little bench,
She looked up into the sky:
“I'll try to be good right off,” she said,
“And better yet, by and by.”



To Mooney and her baby,
Shut in the corner lot,
I'll carry a cooling pailful,
For the day is close and hot.
But Blacky and Snow can help themselves
At the brook as well as not.



THE Moon came late to a lonesome bog,
And there sat Goggleky Gluck, the frog.
"My stars!" she cried, and veiled her face,
"What very grand people they have in this place!"



JOHNNY THE STOUT.

"Ho, for a frolic!"
Said Johnny the stout;
"There's coasting and sledding,—
I'm going out!"

Scarcely had Johnny
Plunged in the snow,
When there came a complaint
Up from his toe:—

“We’re cold,” said the toe,
 I and the rest;
There are ten of us freezing
 Standing abreast.”

Then up spoke an ear:
 “My! but it’s labor
Playing in winter. Eh,
 Opposite neighbor?”

“Pooh!” said his nose,
 Angry and red;
“Who wants to tingle?
 Go home to bed!”

Eight little fingers,
 Four to a thumb,
All cried together,
 “Johnny, we’re numb!”

But Johnny the stout
 Wouldn’t listen a minute;
Never a snow-bank
 But Johnny was in it.

Tumbling and jumping,
 Shouting with glee,
Wading the snow-drifts
 Up to his knee.

Soon he forgot them,
 Fingers and toes,—

Never once thought of
The ear and the nose.

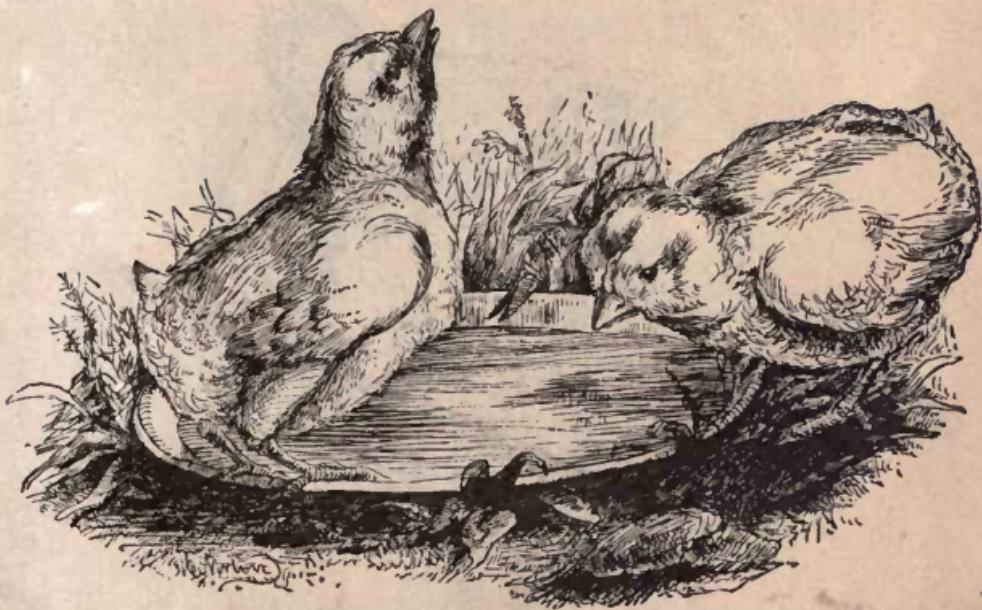
Ah, what a frolic !
All in a glow,
Johnny grew warmer
Out in the snow.

Often his breathing
Came with a joke :
"Blaze away, Johnny !
I'll do the smoke."

"And I'll do the fire,"
Said Johnny the bold ;
"Fun is the fuel
For driving off cold."

A FARMER in Bungleton had a colt
That couldn't be taught to moo ;
And he kept his cow under lock and bolt
Till the smith could make her a shoe.
His ducks would n't gobble, his geese would n't quack,
His cat couldn't bark at all.
"I'm clean discouraged !" he cried ; "alack !
I'll give up my farm in the fall."

THE DRINKING-PAN.



KIPPY! Kippy! what a pleasure!
Kippy! Kippy! such a treasure!
Here's a lake of water clear;
Little Polly put it here.

See, the water has a sky
Like the one that shines so high
All the other birds are there,
Playing in the sunny air.

Shall we ever sing and play
In the sky the livelong day?
Oh, no, no! such silly tricks
Would not do for downy chicks.



THERE was a shrewd lad of Cooloo
Who thought baby's tooth wasn't through.
Says he, "Though I doubt,
I'se a-gwine to find out."
And he did—that shrewd lad of Cooloo.

THERE was a fine youth of Pike's Peak
Who raised a moustache in a week.
When they called it "like down,"
Ah, how he would frown!—
This hairy young man of Pike's Peak.

STOCKING SONG ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

WELCOME, Christmas ! heel and toe,
Here we wait thee in a row.
Come, good Santa Claus, we beg,—
Fill us tightly, foot and leg.

Fill us quickly ere you go,—
Fill us till we overflow.
That's the way ! and leave us more
Heaped in piles upon the floor.

Little feet that ran all day
Twitch in dreams of merry play ;
Little feet that jumped at will
Lie all pink, and warm, and still.

See us, how we lightly swing ;
Hear us, how we try to sing.
Welcome, Christmas ! heel and toe,
Come and fill us ere you go.

Here we hang till some one nimbly
Jumps with treasure down the chimney.
Bless us ! how he'll tickle us !
Funny old St. Nicholas !

IN TRUST.

It's coming, boys,
It's almost here ;
It's coming, girls,
The grand New Year !
A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in ;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in ;
A year for trying,
And not for sighing ;
A year for striving
And hearty thriving ;
A bright new year.
Oh ! hold it dear ;
For God who sendeth
He only lendeth.



A SONG OF SAINT NICHOLAS.

COME, ho! sing, ho! ye chimney sprites,
Come and a riddle unravel:
Tell us true, by the dancing lights,
Where does Saint Nicholas travel?

In the twinkling of an eye,
Hither, thither, doth he hie,—
North and south and east and west;
Not a moment doth he rest.
Speeding here and speeding there,
In an instant everywhere.
Valleys, hills, and mountain passes,
Sunny fields and drear morasses,
Silent plains and busy towns,
Yankee meadows, English downs,—
Whether crowded, lone or wild,
So it holds one little child,—
Every spot, he knows by heart;
What if half the world apart?
In the twinkling of an eye
Hither, thither, doth he hie.

Prythee, this riddle unravel:
How does Saint Nicholas travel?

How does he travel? This is the way:
Sun or storm or blue or gray,

Soon as he gathers his stock of toys,
Laughing and nodding, but never a noise,
Laughing and nodding, shaking his sides,
This is the way Saint Nicholas rides :
Not over mountains, not over streams,
But gliding swift through the children's dreams.
Soon as their eyelids in slumber close,
Hither and thither Saint Nicholas goes.

But how do the little ones go to *him* ?
Sing, ho ! When the winter waxeth dim,
And, Christmas over, the children say,
“Good Saint Nick ! he has gone away,”
Oho ! he strokes his jolly old nose,
And lays him down for a quiet doze.
“Ha, ha ! the snow is a capital bed !”
And he pulls his nightcap over his head.
Asleep and resting, O good Saint Nick !
Now do the children play him a trick ;
For, bright and rosy and lithe of limb,
They travel quick in his dreams, to him.
From every nook and possible place
There peeps a beautiful baby-face.
With joyous murmur and laughing hum,
From every quarter the children come.
Rosy, tender, and snow-flake soft,
They throng about him or float aloft ;
Closer they nestle, a hundred thick,
And whisper, “We thank you, dear Saint Nick ;
We've come to tell you we love you, dear.”
And Nicholas laughs in his sleep to hear.

Oho ! sing, ho ! and now you know :
As soon as the Christmas lights are dim,
And the saint no more his rounds doth go,
The children flock, in his dreams, to him.

FLOWERS.

My little one came, and brought me a flower,
Never a sweeter one grew ;
But it faded and faded in one short hour,
And lost all its pretty blue.

My little one stayed in the room and played ;
And so my flower bloomed bright,—
My beautiful blossom that did not fade,
But slept in my arms all night.





“NOW, DOLLY, DEAR, I’M GOING AWAY.”

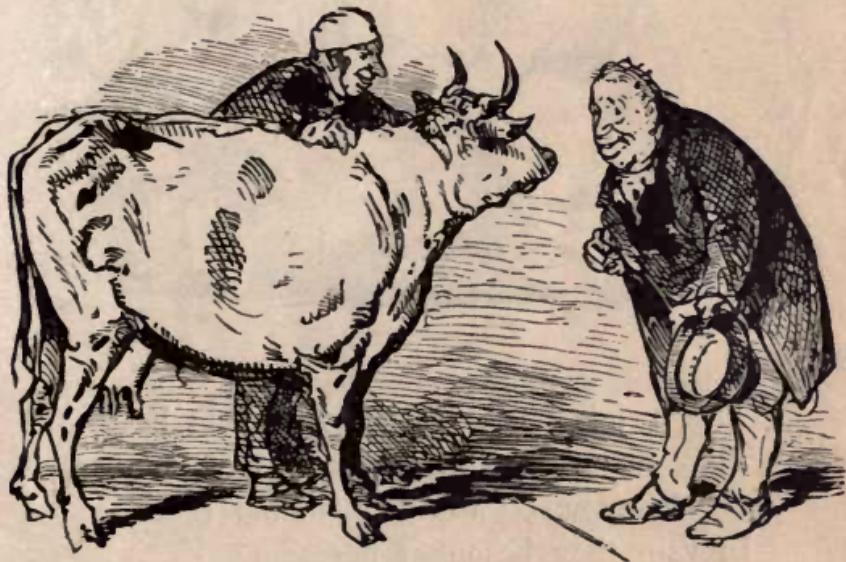
THE LITTLE MOTHER.

Now, Dolly, dear, I'm going away,
And want you to be good all day.
Don't lose your shoes nor soil your dress,
Nor get your hair all in a mess ;
But lie quite still, and up I'll come
To kiss you, soon as I get home.
I'd take you, dear, but then, you know,
It's wax Sabina's turn to go.
She's sick, I'm 'fraid. Her eyes don't work ;
They open worse, the more I jerk ;
She used to be so straight and stout,
But now her sawdust's running out.
Her kid is out of order, dear.
My papa says she's out of gear.
That's dreadful, isn't it ? But then
The air may make her well again.
So, Dolly, won't you stay alone,
And be real good while I am gone ?
Good-by, my precious ! Yes, I'll come
And kiss you, soon as I get home.

AMONG THE ANIMALS.

ONE rainy morning,
Just for a lark,
I jumped and stamped
On my new Noah's Ark :
I crushed an elephant,
Smashed a gnu,
And snapped a camel
Clean in two ;
I finished the wolf
Without half tryin',
And wild hyena,
And roaring lion ;
I knocked down Ham,
And Japhet, too,
And cracked the legs
Of the kangaroo ;
I finished, beside,
Two pigs and a donkey,
A polar bear,
Opossum, and monkey ;
Also the lions,
Tigers, and cats,
And dromedaries,
And tiny rats —
There wasn't a thing
That didn't feel,
Sooner or later,
The weight o' my heel ;

I felt as grand
As grand could be—
But oh the whipping
My mammy gave me!



OLD Doctor Paff, he used to laugh
Whenever he saw the brindle calf.
But Doctor Paff thought best to bow
When at last he met the brindle cow.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WOULD N'T EAT
CRUSTS.



THE awfulest times that ever could be
They had with a bad little girl of Dundee,
Who never would finish her crust.
In vain they besought her,
And patiently taught her,
And told her she must.



Her grandma would coax,
And so would the folks,
And tell her the sinning
Of such a beginning.
But no, she would n't,
She could n't, she should n't,

She'd have them to know—
So they might as well go.

Now what do you think soon came to pass ?
This little girl of Dundee, alas !
Who would n't take crusts in the regular way,
Sat down to a feast one summer's day ;
And what did the people that little girl give,
But a dish of *bread pudding*—as sure as I live !

+

Poor little Toddlekins,
All full o' sketer-bites—
Bodder him awful,
Baby can't sleep o' nights.
Buzzing all over him,
Singing and tickling,
In and out, round about,
Nipping and prickling.
Poor little Toddlekins,
All full o' sketer-bites—
Bodder him awful,
Can't even sleep o' nights !



SONG OF THE DUCKS.

ONE little black duck, one little gray,
Six little white ducks, running out to play ;
One white lady-duck, motherly and trim,
Eight little baby ducks, bound for a swim !
One little white duck, holding up its wings,
One little bobbing duck, making water-rings,
One little black duck, turning round its head,
One big black duck — guess he's gone to bed.
One little white duck, running from the water,
One very fat duck — pretty little daughter !
One very brave duck, swimming off alone,
One little white duck, standing on a stone.
One little white duck, walking by its mother ;
Look among the water-reeds, maybe there's another.
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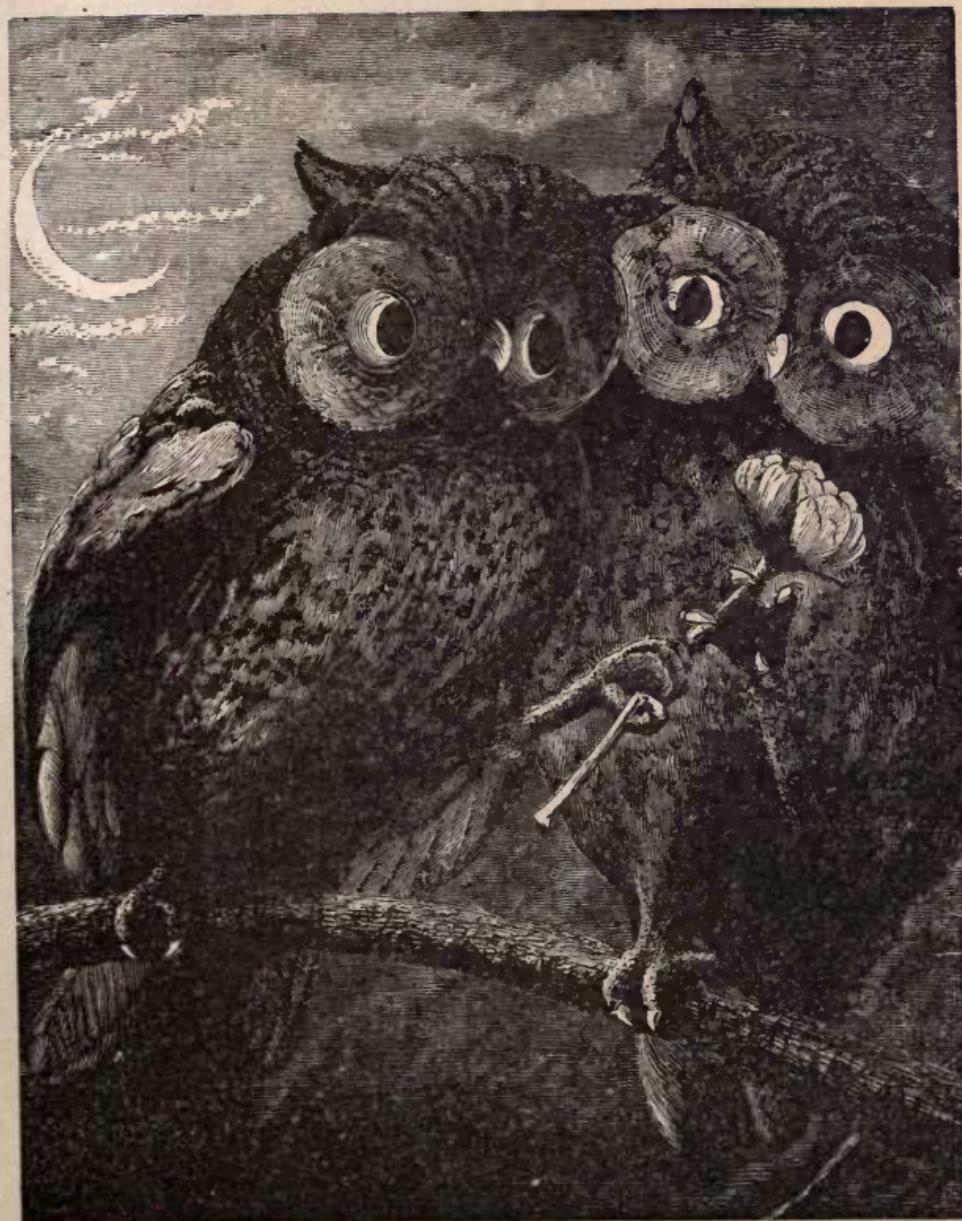
Not another anywhere ? surely you are blind.
Push away the grass, dear ; ducks are hard to find.
Bright little brown eyes ! o'er the picture linger ;
Point me all the ducks out, chubby little finger !
Make the picture musical, merry little shout !
Now, where's that other duck ? What is he about ?
I think the other duck's the nicest duck of all ;
He hasn't any feathers, and his mouth is sweet and small ;
He runs with a light step, and jumps upon my knee,
And though he cannot swim, he is very dear to me.

One white lady-duck, motherly and trim ;
Eight little baby-ducks, bound for a swim ;
One lazy black duck, taking quite a nap ;
One little precious duck, here on mamma's lap !

THAT'S WHAT WE'D DO.

If you were an owl,
And I were an owl,
And this were a tree,
And the moon came out,
I know what we'd do.
We would stand, we two,
On a bough of the tree ;
You'd wink at me,
And I'd wink at you ;
That's what we'd do,
Beyond a doubt.

I'd give you a rose
For your lovely nose,
And you'd look at me
Without turning about.
I know what we'd do
(That is, I and you) ;
Why, you'd sing to me,
And I'd sing to you ;
That's what we'd do,
When the moon came out.



“I'D GIVE YOU A ROSE.”

HOLLOA !

What's the matter ?
 Why this bustle,
 Noise and clatter ?
 Mercy on us !
 Don't you know
 Little Pipkin's
 Stubbed his toe !

What's that ?
 Some one knocks.
 How the wind
 Shakes the locks !
 Run, quick !
 How absurd —
 Only a beggar,
 Upon my word !

AN APRIL MAIDEN.

WERE you ever heavy-hearted, little May ?
 She tossed her pretty head,
 As right merrily she said,
 " Heavy hearted ? No, not I ;
 Yet a little makes me cry,
 And a little less than half
 Makes me laugh —
 My mother often calls me ' April Day.' " *

Were you ever very happy, little May ?

Again she shook her head.

“I do not know,” she said.

“*Very* happy ? Who is so ?

Not a single soul, you know ;

Mother often tells me this,

With a kiss ;

Our life, she says, is like an April day.”

Were you ever very naughty, little May ?

She flushed a rosy red,

As, right saucily, she said,

“Very naughty ? Let me see :

Why, I *have* been bad—for me ;

I have trod on, Pussy’s toes,

And I’ve torn my Sunday clo’es ;

And, oh !—now, don’t you tell !—

I mean to—well,

Fool every one I know on April-day.”

THERE’s a fragrance in the blossom,

But the fruit is better still ;

And the river rushes farther

Than ever could the rill.

WAKE UP, BIRDIE !

BIRDIE with the folded wing,
Shall we never hear you sing?
Sleepy birdie, wake up quick!
Pretty birdie, are you sick?
Birdie, birdie! are you dead?
Birdie, birdie! lift your head!
Lift your head, and show your beak.
Naughty birdie! won't you speak?
Here is water for your cup;
Here is sugar—eat it up;
Here is sunshine warm and bright—
Now he sings with all his might!



THE DIFFERENCE.



THE SOUR OLD LADY.

THERE was an old lady all dressed in silk,
Who lived upon lemons and buttermilk ;
And, thinking this world was a sour old place,
She carried its acid all over her face ;



THE OLD LADY WHO LIVED ON MATCHES.

Another old lady, all dressed in patches,
 Lived upon nothing but Lucifer matches ;
 So the world, it made her strangle and cough,
 And sure as you rubbed her you set her off.

Another old lady, all sunny and neat,
 Who lived upon sugar, and every thing sweet ;
 Declared, when she heard of their troubles, she "never!"
 For the world was so nice she could live on forever.



THE SUNNY OLD LADY.

Now, children take your choice
Of the food your hearts shall eat;
There are sourish thoughts, and brimstone thoughts,
And thoughts all good and sweet;

And whatever the heart feeds on,
Dear children, trust to me,
Is precisely what this queer old world
Will seem to you to be.

BILLY BOY.



Poor Billy boy was music mad,
Oh music mad was he ;
And yet he was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be —
With a hi-de-diddle,
Bow and fiddle,
Rig-a-my, ho ! sang he —

For Billy was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.

“ Nobody knows the joy I know,
Or sees the sights I see,
So play me high, or play me low,
My fiddle's enough for me.
It takes me here, it takes me there—
So play me low or high—
It finds me, binds me anywhere,
And lifts me to the sky.”
With a hi-de-diddle,
Bow and fiddle,
Rig-a-my, ho ! sang he —
For Billy was as blithe a lad
As any lad could be.



SHEPHERD JOHN.



OH ! Shepherd John is good and kind,
 Oh ! Shepherd John is brave ;
He loves the weakest of his flock,
 His arm is quick to save.

But Shepherd John to little John
 Says : “ Learn, my laddie, learn !
In grassy nooks still read your books,
 And aye for knowledge burn.

Read while you tend the grazing flock :
Had I but loved my book,
I'd not be still in shepherd's frock,
Nor bearing shepherd's crook.

The world is wide, the world is fair,
There's muckle work to do.
I'll rest content a shepherd still,
But grander fields for you ! ”



MY WEEK.



On Monday I wash my dollies' clothes,
 On Tuesday smoothly press 'em ;
 On Wednesday mend their little hose,
 On Thursday neatly dress 'em.



On Friday I play they're taken ill,
On Saturday something or other;



But when Sunday comes, I say, "Lie still;
I'm going to church with mother."



BABY IN DREAMLAND.



BABY'S dreams are very bright,
 Though they come at dead of night,
 When the house is still;
 For a moonbeam comes to take her
 Where the sweetest sounds shall wake her,
 Where she'll play at will.

In the dreamland, far away,
 There do sleeping babies play,
 There they laugh and walk.
 All the day their speech is gone--
 Not a foot to stand upon--
 There they leap and talk.

There the pretty candle-blaze,
 When they clutch it, brightly stays;

There the stars so grand
 Come to meet the outstretched arm,
 Leap all sparkling to the palm
 Of the little hand.

But in all that wondrous place,
 Still is smiling, mother's face ;
 Mother's touch is there ;
 And like music sweet and low,
 Though the baby does not know,
 Breathes the mother's prayer.

So the baby laughs and plays
 Through the happy dreamland ways
 (Close to heaven, maybe),
 Till the merry sunbeams take her
 To her bed, and gently wake her.
 — Now, come see to Baby !



THANKSGIVING.

ALL their heads were bowed in prayer—
Father's, mother's, boys' and girls',
Grandma's, grandpa's—only Nelly,
Little Nelly, shook her curls.

Little Nelly shook her curls,
Smiling, gazing all intent,
Stared as ever at the sight—
Wondered what on earth it meant.

Busy firelight, flashing bright,
Shot its frisky flamelets out ;
While the ship above the clock
Gayly tossed and pitched about.

Roasted turkey, on his back,
And the chickens, side by side,
Had a perky, jaunty air
Full of jollity and pride ;

Tempting pies and puddings near,
Held their faces to the light ;
While canary in his cage,
Piped and sang with all his might.

Flowery carpet under foot,
Hanging basket all a-bloom,

Pearly, picture-covered wall—
Drew the sunlight to the room.

Little Nelly felt it all,
Felt how blithe it was and fair;
Yet the moment seemed so long
That the heads were bowed in prayer.

If they only knew, she thought,
How the room was full of play,
They would never hide their faces
In that sober, solemn way.

Laughing, staring, puzzled Nell !
How could such a baby know
'Twas the cheery, sunny gladness
That had bowed their heads so low ;

That the blithesome, happy home-life,
Birdie singing on the wall,
And the laughing little mischief,
Made them thank the God of all ?



LULU'S BIRTHDAY.

LULU's Birthday— very queer !
Comes to her but once a year ;
Comes when Winter snows are falling,
Comes when Ocean winds are squalling,
Comes when Nature's quite appalling,—
Every thing so cold and drear.

Lulu's Birthday — stranger still !
Has to climb to her up hill ;
For the maiden is so knowing,
That she spends her time in growing,
Every year some change is showing,—
Growing head, and heart, and will.

Lulu's Birthday — it is clear —
Likes to meet her every year ;
Likes to follow Lulu's scorning.
So, with fairest flowers adorning
All the home, we give it cheer.
And with prayer and watchful loving,
Though the little maid keep moving,
And the time be cold and drear,
Sure as comes the Birthday morning,
We shall try to have her here.



THE Moon came late to the twinkling sky,
To see what the stars were about:
"Fair Night," quoth she, "are the family in?"
"Oh! no, they are, every one, out."

As I was a-going to market,
I met a man with a goose.
Says he: "Big boots with a boy!"
I guess you came from Toulouse."
Says I: "Little goose with a man!
How did you leave your mother?
I guess you just came from home,
For I see you've brought your brother."

TWO LITTLE FROGGIES.



Two little froggies they sighed to one another:
"Our puddle is all liquor and no meat."



Let us sit upon the bank, where the lovely mud is
shining,
And maybe we 'll see something good to eat."

Forty little ants said gayly to their mother : .
" O mother ! we are going to the bogs ; "
But the forty little ants never dreamed they were
going
Just to make a dainty dinner for the frogs.

ONE AND ONE.



Two little girls are better than one
 Two little boys can double the fun,
 Two little birds can build a fine
 nest,
 Two little arms can love mother
 best.
 Two little ponies must go to a
 span ;
 Two little pockets has my little
 man ;
 Two little eyes to open and close,
 Two little ears and one little nose,
 Two little elbows, dimpled and
 sweet,
 Two little shoes on two little feet,
 Two little lips and one little chin,
 Two little cheeks with a rose shut
 in ;
 Two little shoulders, chubby and
 strong,
 Two little legs running all day long.
 Two little prayers does my darling say,
 Twice does he kneel by my side each day,—
 Two little folded hands, soft and brown,
 Two little eyelids cast meekly down,—
 And two little angels guard him in bed,
 “One at the foot, and one at the head.”

BIRDIES with broken wings,
 Hide from each other;
But babies in trouble,
 Can run home to mother.



WILLIE'S LODGER.

Two little boys, named Willie,
Live in the house with me.
One is as good a darling
As ever I wish to see ;
His eyes are glad, his smile is sweet,
His voice is kind, his dress is neat,
And he is the boy for me.

This Willie says, "Good morning!"
Happy as any bird ;
A merrier laugh, a lighter step,
No mortal ever heard.
"Thank you," he says, and "If you please?"
He will not pout, he will not tease—
Oh ! he is the boy for me !

The other Willie, sad to say,
Is very, very bad ;
I think he is as cross a child
As ever a mother had.
"Go 'way!" he shrieks. He squalls and cries,
The angry tears oft fill his eyes—
He is not the boy for me.

He lingers round my Willie,
And whispers evil things—
Oh ! how we dread him ! for we know
The sin and grief he brings !

Who keeps him, then ? Why, Willie's self ;
He keeps this wicked Willie-elf
Who is not the boy for me.

If I were you, my Willie,
I'd make him stay away,—
This boy who grieves your mother
And spoils your brightest day,—
For he lives in you where he does n't belong ;
So oust him, Willie ! Send him along !
"Clear out!" I'd say, "old Fume and Fret !
This heart of mine is not to let,—
You're not the boy for me."



FOUR little piggies, bound for a frolic,
Ate green apples till one got the colic.
One was so greedy he stuffed his maw ;
One munched so hard that he cracked his jaw.
One had the toothache and could n't chew a bit,
So he swallowed them whole and died in a fit.



SPINNING your top,
Don't let it flop, boys ;



Flying your kite,
Pull with your might, boys.
Rolling your hoop,
Never you stoop, boys ;
Either stand still,
Or play with a will.

GOOD-MORNING.

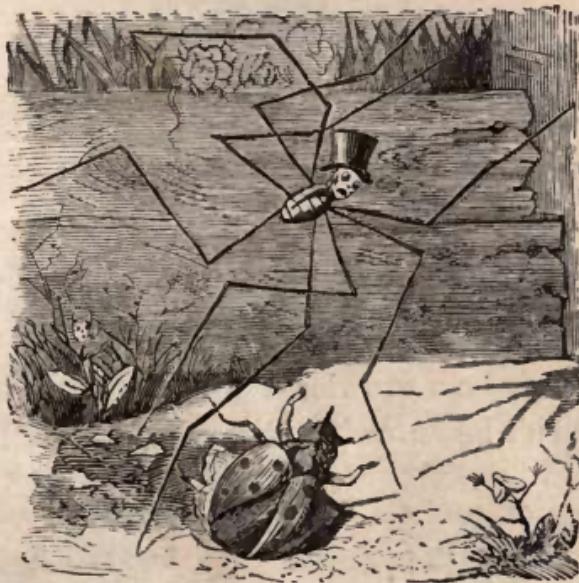
GOOD MORNING, mamma ! Good-morning,
bright sun !
Good-morning, papa ! The day is begun.
Good-morning to every one, pussy as well :
Does he sleep like the rest, till he hears the first
bell ?

Good-morning it is, for the sky is all blue,
The grass is just shining and sparkling with dew ;
The birdies are singing their merriest song,
And the air through the window comes sunny
and strong.

Good-morning it is, for dark was the night,
And chilly and still ; but the morning is
bright.

If God did not watch us and bring us the day,
We'd never be able to get up and play.

Good-morning, new day ! I'm glad we're awake,
Your work and your sunshine and frolic to
take ;
And I'm glad we are able so gayly to call
Good-morning ! good-morning ! Good morning to
all !



LADY-BIRD AND DADDY LONGLEGS.

LADY-BIRD, in gown so gay,
Came creeping from the clover ;
Daddy Longlegs went that way,
And nearly knocked her over.

“I’ll tell my ant !” she cried out quick.
“It beats the bugs !” said he.
“A tad-pole for your walking stick
Would suit you well,” said she.

WOULD N'T AND WOULD.



I would n't be a growler, I would n't be a bear ;
I would n't be an owlet, always on a stare ;



I would n't be a monkey, doing foolish tricks ;
I would n't be a donkey, full of sullen kicks.



I would n't be a goose,
Nor a peacock full of pride,
But I would be a big boy,
With a pocket on each side.





NELL AND HER BIRD.

GOOD-BY, little birdie !
Fly to the sky,
Singing and singing
A merry good-by.

Tell all the birdies,
Flying above,

Nell, in the garden,
Sends them her love.

Tell how I found you,
Hurt, in a tree;
Then, when they're wounded,
They'll come right to me.

I'd like to go with you
If I could fly;
It must be so beautiful
Up in the sky!

Why, little birdie!
Why don't you go?
You sit on my finger,
And shake your head, "No!" —

He's off! Oh! how quickly
And gladly he rose!
I know he will love me
Wherever he goes.

I know — for he really
Seemed trying to say,
"My dear little Nelly,
I can't go away."

But just then some birdies
Came flying along,
And sang as they neared us
A chirruping song;

And he felt just as I do
When girls come and shout
Right under the window,
“Come, Nelly! come out!”

It's wrong to be sorry;
I *ought* to be glad;
But he's the best birdie
That ever I had.

THERE was an old weather-vane high on a shed,
The wind came a courting and turned his head;
And all it could utter for lack of mouth
Was—East, and West, and North, and South.

DUMPY DICKY said, “I can’t;”
Joe said, “By and by;”
Grumpy Jacky said, “I shan’t;”
Tommy said, “I’ll try.”



“Have you heard the news, good neighbor?”

“No. What is the news, I pray?”

Why the cat went down to a concert

And frightened the music away.





THE NEW SLATE.

SEE my slate ! I dot it new,
Tos I b'oke the other,
Put my 'ittle foot right froo,
Running after mother.

I tan make you lots o' sings,
Fass as you tan tell 'em,
T's and B's and big O rings,
Only I tan't spell 'em.

I tan make a funny pig
Wid a turly tail-y,
'Ittle eyes, and snout so big
Pokin' in a pail-y.

I tan make a elephant,
Wid his trunk a-hangin';
An' a boy — who says I tan't? —
Wid his dun a-bangin'.

An' the smoke a-tummin' out
(Wid my t'umb I do it,
Rubbin' all the white about),
Sparks a-flyin' froo it

I tan make a bu-ful house
Wid a tree behind it,

An' a 'ittle mousy-mouse
Runnin' round to find it.

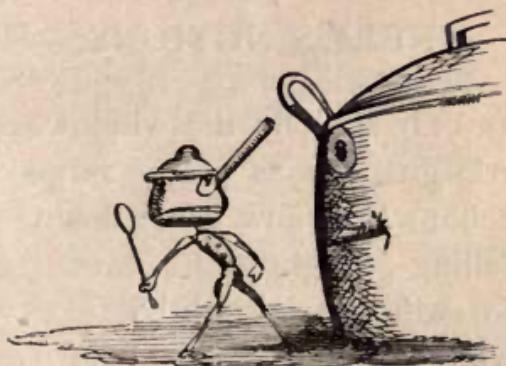
I tan put my hand out flat
On the slate, and draw it
(Ticklin' is the worst of that) !
Did you ever saw it ?

I tan do *me* runnin' 'bout —
Mamma's 'ittle posset
(Slate's so dusty, rubbin' out,
Dess oo'd better wass it).

Now, then, s'all I make a tree
Wid a birdie in it ?
All my picsurs you s'all see
If you'll wait a minute.

No, I dess I'll make a man
Juss like Uncle Rolly.
See it tummin', fass's it tan ?
Bet my slate is jolly !

LITTLE POT SOON HOT.



FUME and fury ! I have cause
To tear about and break the laws.

But, on the whole, I'd better not ;
" Little pots are soon hot."

Little souls slight discover ;
Big souls pass 'em over.

Big souls bear their trouble ;
Little souls sizz and bubble.

Little souls oft ferment ;
Big souls are content.

Big souls tumble slowly ;
Little souls — roly poly !

Big souls, like as not,
When it's fitting, *do* get hot.

But "little pots" all grandeur spoil.
I'll think a bit before I boil !

NELL'S NOTIONS.

THREE-YEAR-OLD Nell by the window-pane stood,
 A good little girl, and as pretty as good,
 Watching the snow come down —
 Falling so lightly,
 So swiftly and brightly,
 It whitened all the town.

“ See, Aunty ! ” she cried, in a joyous strain,
 “ Oh, Aunty, look out ! and see the popped rain !
 The air is as full as can be ;
 And it never stops,
 But it jumps and hops,
 Like the corn that you pop for me.”

Winter passed on ; and Spring-time was here —
 Spring with its flowers, its brightness and cheer,
 And the birds were wild with song.
 Ah, sweet was the note
 From each tiny throat !
 Nell listened the whole day long.

“ Tell me, dear Aunty, what do they eat,
 These dear little birds, that they sing so sweet ? ”
 Nell asked, in her wonder and glee.
 “ Oh, Aunty, I think
 They have sky to drink,
 And flowers for their breakfast and tea.”

The quick, green-winged katydids filled her with awe,
Such wonderful creatures she'd ne'er seen before ;
For hours she would question and tease,
Till, "They're leaves!" she said,
"With legs and a head,
And they're huntin' about for their trees.

"Why, Aunty, hold still ! there's a girl in your eyes!"
And queer little Nell fairly screamed with surprise.
"Why, Aunty, it's Nell in there !
I can see it as plain —
There ! I see it again !
Why, you're full of me everywhere !"

NEVER a night so dark and drear,
Never a cruel wind so chill,
But loving hearts can make it clear,
And find some comfort in it still.



SNOW, snow, everywhere !
Snow on frozen mountain peak,
Snow on Flippit's sunny hair,
Snow flakes melting on his cheek.
Snow, snow, wherever you go,
Shifting, drifting, driving snow.

But Flippit does not care a pin,
It 's Winter without and Summer within.
So, tumble the flakes, or rattle the storm,
He breathes on his fingers and keeps them
warm.

SOME one we cannot hear,
Some one we cannot see,
Shakes the baby,
Wakes the baby,
Makes him laugh with glee.

A STRANGER IN THE PEW.

Poor little Bessie! She tossed back her curls,
And, though she is often the sweetest of girls,
This was something she could n't and would n't endure;
'Twas the meanest, most impolite act, she was sure,
And a thing, she declared, that *she* never would do:
To go to a church where one didn't belong,
Then walk down the aisle like the best in the throng,
And seat one's self plump in another one's pew.

Humph! Didn't her father own his out and out,
And did n't they fill it up full, just about,
When Mamma and Papa, and herself and the boys,
Were seated? And didn't their boots make a noise
In moving along to make room for a stranger?
And was n't it cool, with the brazenest face,
To expect at each hymn Pa would find out the place
(If Ben did n't, or Bob, but there was n't much danger)?

With such feelings at heart, and their print on her face
Last Sunday our Bessie hitched out of her "place"
To make room for a girl, very shabby and thin,
Who had stood in the aisle till mamma asked her in.

The poor little thing tried her best not to crowd
And Bessie, forgetting, soon had the mishap
To slip from her drowsiness into a nap,
From which she soon wakened by crying aloud.

Poor Bessie sat upright, with cheeks all a-flame
At sleeping in church, and trembled with shame;
But 'twas strange at the close of the service to see
Our Bessie, now gentle as gentle could be,

Take the hand of the shabby young girl in the pew,
And walk with her out of the church with a smile
That shone through the tears in her eyes all the while,
And brightened her face with a radiance new.

"Good-by," whispered Bessie at parting, "and mind
Our pew's forty-five, with a pillar behind."
Then she stole to her mother: "Oh, Mother, I dreamed
Such a curious dream! 'Twas no wonder I screamed.

I thought I was sitting in church in this dress,
With a girl like a beggar-girl right in our pew—
We were sitting alone on the seat, just we two—
And I felt more ashamed than you ever could guess;

"When, all in a moment, the music grew loud,
And on it came floating a beautiful crowd;
They were angels, I knew, for they joined in the song,
And all of them seemed in the church to belong.

Slowly and brightly they sailed through the air;
The rays from the window streamed crimson and blue,
And lit them in turn as their forms glided through;—
I could feel their soft robes passing over my hair.

“One came to my side. Very sadly she said,
‘There’s a stranger in here.’ I lifted my head,
And looked at the poor shabby girl with disdain.
‘Tis not she,’ said the angel; ‘the haughty and vain
Are the strangers at church. She is humble and true.’
Then I cried out aloud, and the minister spoke,
And just as they floated away I awoke,
And there sat that dear little girl in our pew!”

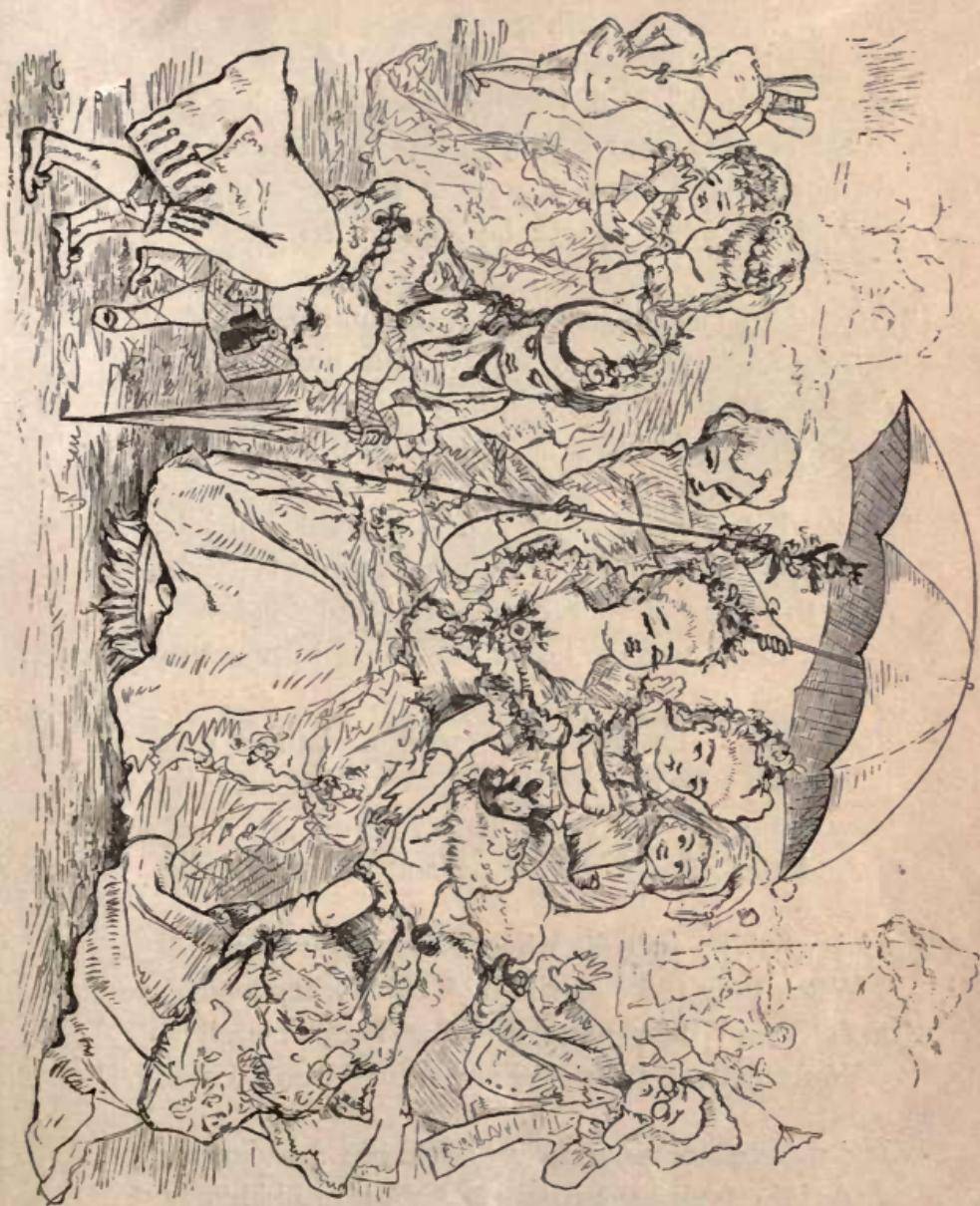


THE QUEEN O' MAY.

THE Queen o' May
Held court one day,—
The fields had nought to give her ;
All in their best
Her maids were drest,
And they began to shiver.

“ Now, never sneeze,
But warm your knees,
And look for daisies growing ;
You 'll find the air
Quite soft and fair,
Unless it fall a-snowing.”

“ Quite soft ! ” they said,
Each loyal maid.
“ So fair ! ” the boys went chaffing ;
But soon the May
Came down that way,
And set them all a-laughing.



PUSSY'S CLASS.

“Now children,” said Puss, as she shook her head,
“It is time your morning lesson was said :”
So her kittens drew near with footsteps slow,
And sat down before her, all in a row.

“Attention, class !” said the cat-mamma,
“And tell me quick where your noses are.”
At this all the kittens sniffed the air
As though it were filled with a perfume rare.

“Now what do you say when you want a drink ?”
The kittens waited a moment to think,
And then the answer came clear and loud —
You ought to have heard how those kittens meow'd !

“Very well. 'Tis the same, with a sharper tone,
When you want a fish or a bit of bone.
Now what do you say when children are good ?”
And the kittens purred as soft as they could.

“And what do you do when children are bad ?
When they tease and pull ?” each kitty looked sad.
“Pooh !” said their mother, “that isn't enough ;
You must use your claws when children are rough !”

“And where are your claws ? no, no, my dear,
(As she took up a paw) see ! they're hidden here :”
Then all the kittens crowded about
To see their sharp little claws brought out.



They felt quite sure they never should need
 To use such weapons — oh, no, indeed!
 But their wise mamma gave a pussy's "pshaw!"
 And boxed their ears with her softest paw.

"Now 'Stpisss!' as hard as you can," she said —
 But every kitten hung down its head —
 "Stpisss! I say," cried the mother cat,
 But they said, "O mammy we can't do that!"

"Then go and play," said the fond mamma ;
 "What sweet little idiots kittens are!
 Ah well, I was once the same, I suppose"—
 And she looked very wise and rubbed her nose.

TWISTAN TURNEM, let me see,
Which is the way to Tweedle-dee ?
Why, turn about the way you've come,
And take the road to Tweedle-dum.

WANDERING JOE.

TELL me, O wandering Joe !
How many miles did you go ?
Why, one to my mother's,
And three to my brother's,
And just half a dozen
To hunt up a cousin ;
And half a mile yonder
A hen-roost to plunder ;
And three half miles back
To cover the track.
Then a half and a half
To water the calf,
And a half and a quarter
Before I found water ;
Add a quarter to that,
When I chased a black bat ;
Then two to town,
To see Jim Brown ;
And two, and none,
And one for fun,

And one for luck,
And one for pluck ;
And one for trouble,
And two for double ;
And then 'twas best
To sit and rest.

And now, my friend, says Joe,
How many miles *did* I go ?

• WHETHER fair, whether foul,
Be it wet or dry,
Cloudy time or shiny time
The sun's in the sky.
Gloomy-night, sparkle-night,
Be it glad or dread,
Cloudy time or shiny time,
Stars are overhead.



THE RATS.

WHEN I'm sitting
At my knitting
After tea—
Deary me !
Such commotion,
Land o' Goshen !
And it's all
In the wall.

Rumble, tumble,
Flurry, scurry.
Now a rushing,
And a crushing ;

Now a rattle,
And a battle;
Now a squeak
And a fall

So I sit
And I knit;
And I ponder
And wonder,
And scarcely know how,
In the racket and row,
My wits to recall.

But the clatter,
For that matter,
And the rumble
And tumble
And scratching
And catching
Keep on
Through it all.

Rats in dozens,
With their cousins,
Or in droves,
With their loves:
Now it's raps,
Now it's taps,
Or it's crunching,
Or munching;
Or a creak,
Or a shriek;



If I knew
What to do,
Or you'd show
Where to go,
I'd be off
Like a streak.



But no, I must stay
While they clamor away.
Traps, cats,
Sticks or rats-
Bane or gun,
It's all one.
No, it's fudge,
They won't budge !



Rat are rats,
Spite of cats
And the rest.
But—my star!—
Beginning or end
Or middle, depend
The things are a pest;
And they're all
In the wall,
So they are!



IN THE WOOD.



“WHAT says the book, my lassie ?
What says the book to thee ?”
“It says the wood is beautiful,
The blossoms fair to see ;
It says the brook tells merrily
A little tale of glee,
And birds, brimful of melody,
Do sing their songs for me.”

“ Then close the page, my lassie,
And lift thy pretty head,
And what the book would say to thee
The wood shall say instead.
The brook shall tell its merry tale,
The flowers their brightness shed,
And the birds shall sing—for life is life,
And printed words are dead.

“ Hear what the bird sings, lassie :
‘ O little lady fair !
The breath of flowers is over thee,
The sunlight in thy hair ;
The heart of a little maiden
Is free as birds in the air—
And God is good to thee and me,
O little lady fair ! ’ ”

COMB MUSIC.

Two children once sat in the twilight gray
 Playing a tune in a comical way ;
 They both pressed a comb to their rosy red lips,
 And little they cared for tickles and slips,
 For wheezings, and paper that always would fall,
 For oh ! such loud music, or no note at all.
 'Twas sweet to their ears, as fondly they heard
 This musical strain coming forth, word for word :
 " *W-h-h-wome, w-h-h-wome, szzzeeet, zhliweet zome,*
Bheet wev zo hhumble, therzzz nho blazzze liew
zhhome !"

Now they are grown, and sing in the choir
 Of their own village church with the beautiful spire ;
 So sweet are her notes, so perfect her skill,
 Not a bird of the air but might envy her trill,
 Not a wind of the night but right gladly would know
 How to make his rich music so plaintive and low.

Together their voices in harmony blend,
 And steep all their days in a joy without end ;
 And yet in their hearts they have always confessed
 That lovely duet long ago was the best,
 When they tingled their lips at the musical comb,
 And told all the world there was " *zno blaizzz liew*
zhome."



IN THE BASKET.

SAY, do you hear my basket
Go "kippy ! kippy ! pe-ek" ?
Maybe my funny basket
Is learning how to speak.

If you want to know the secret,
Go ask the speckled hen,
And tell her when I've warmed them
I'll bring them back again.

COMING.

Two fair ships are sailing,
Sailing over the sea,—
Willie's ship and my ship—
Full as full can be ;
Side by side, my Willie says,
Like as pin to pin.
Oh, the happy, happy days
When our ships come in !

While our ships are sailing,
Sailing over the sea, —
Willie's ship and my ship, —
Full as full can be,
Sailing on the sunny tide,
Grieving would be sin :
Soon or late, and side by side,
Shall our ships come in.





THE DAINTY MISS ROSE.

Oh, a perfect nose,
And dainty toes,
And woolen hose,
Had Miss Rose !

A dog was she of high degree,
Born of an ancient family.
From her mother's side
Came her Spanish pride ;
She had royal ways,
And her pedigree reckoned
From the glorious days
Of Charles the Second !

Well, she needed an escort
To a party of some sort,

One evening in May.
And to see her bother
'Twixt one dog and t'other,
Was good as a play.

Many pups came to say
They would be at her service,
But she sent them away
With a manner quite nervous.
In fact, I must own,
Of dogs fully grown,
She snubbed them by name
As fast as they came:
Sir Rover was coarse,
And Ponto was cruel;
Old Bounce was a horse,
Young Pip lived on gruel;
Spitz was a sneak,
Fido was surly;
Pomp was too sleek,
Carlo too curly;
Even elegant Pap,
Who wore a gold collar,
She said, with a snap,
Was n't worth a lead dollar.

Then came a brave wight
For a desperate pull;
He had been in a fight,
Old Major de Bull.
He was cross as a bear,
And scanty of hair.

Also young Isle of Skye,
 Rather down at the heel ;
 And the well-mannered Guy,
 Who was sour, but genteel.



But dainty Miss Rose
 Still tossed up her nose —
 She ought n't, she could n't,
 She would n't, she should n't
 With one of them go,
 She'd thank 'em to know.

By this time it was growing late,
 And dainty Rose bemoaned her fate ;
 When, in the sky, there sprang in sight
 A throbbing, sparkling thing of light.
 "What's that," she cried, "I see afar ?"
 And Guy replied, "The great Dog Star —

Too Sirius, dear, for such as you,
And very much above you, too."
"Not so, indeed!" cried dainty Rose,
No longer tossing up her nose.
"Now, I am matched at last, you see,
The Dog Star shall my escort be!"

Then off she started, quite content,
And gallantly the Dog Star went.
For all the way he kept in sight,
And held her in his tender light,
Guiding her steps with steady rays,
And blinking when he met her gaze.

POOR little mousie, what a mishap!
Why did you put your nose in the trap?
Hold still, mousie, and trust to me—
I'll touch the spring, and set you free!





WAITING FOR FATHER.

IN the gray of the twilight and glow of the fire,
A little girl sat on the rug.

She was warming a slipper; and pussy sat nigh her,
And also her friend, Mr. Pug.

And the song in the heart of the glad little girl,
As the light of the fire played over each curl,
Was, "Father is coming— hurrah! hurrah!
Father is coming— hurrah!"

She had spread out his soft woolen gown on the chair,
With its facings of beautiful blue;

Had picked up her playthings that lay here and there,
And arranged things as well as she knew.

"For the room must be tidy and pretty and bright,"
She said to herself, "when he comes, every night,

And soon he is coming— hurrah! hurrah!
Father is coming— hurrah!"

How rosy her cheeks, and how sparkling her eyes!
How dimpled her soft little hand!

While Pussy and Pug look as solemn and wise
As if the whole scene they had planned.

But you never would think, so demure are the three,
That the little maid's heart could be singing with glee-

"Father is coming— hurrah! hurrah!
Father is coming— hurrah!"

The sunlight has vanished, and bleak is the street,
 And beggars are dreading the night.
 The pavement is noisy with home-speeding feet,
 And only the windows are bright ;
 When quickly the little maid springs from the rug,
 Leaving Pussy half sleeping, but followed by Pug ;
 “ Father is coming — hurrah ! hurrah !
 Father is coming — hurrah ! ”

WHAT SHALL I BUY?¹

“ I ’ve got a penny,
 What shall I buy ?
 I ’ll buy a — whistle,
 That’s what I ’ll buy.

I ’ve got two pence,
 What shall I buy ?
 I ’ll buy a — pop-gun,
 That’s what I ’ll buy.

I ’ve got three pence,
 What shall I buy ?
 I ’ll buy a — horsey,
 That’s what I ’ll buy.

¹ The charm of this thrilling ditty lies in allowing baby to suggest the last word of the third lines.



RUT-A-TUT-TUTS !
Who can crack nuts ?
Squirrels, can you ?
"That we can, true —
Rut-a-tut-tuts,
We can crack nuts !"

Chicketty-chack,
Cracketty-crack.
"Pooh !" said the hammer,
"Silence your clamor,
Rut-a-tut-tuts —
Who can't crack nuts ?"

HALLOO, OLD SCUTTLE!

HALLOO, old scuttle! good old soul,
What's become of all your coal?
"Why the tongs he came with a gobbley-gun,
And took my coals out, one by one ;
And the blaze ran in with a tricksy-spire
And set the pretty things a-fire ;
And the blower came with a roaring-roar,
And made them burn up more and more ;
And then the poker with koppitty-hop,
He poked their ashes and made 'em drop —
And that, O Gobbley-Koppitty-dole !
Is what's become of all my coal."

OH, NO!

IF blue-birds bloomed like flowers in a row,
And never could make a sound,
How would the daisies and violets know
When to come out of the ground !
They would wait and wait the seasons round ;
Never a flower could on earth be found.

And what would birds and butterflies do
If the flowers had wings to fly?
Why, birds and blossoms, and butterflies too,
Would stay far up in the sky;
And then the people would droop and sigh,
And all the children on earth would cry.



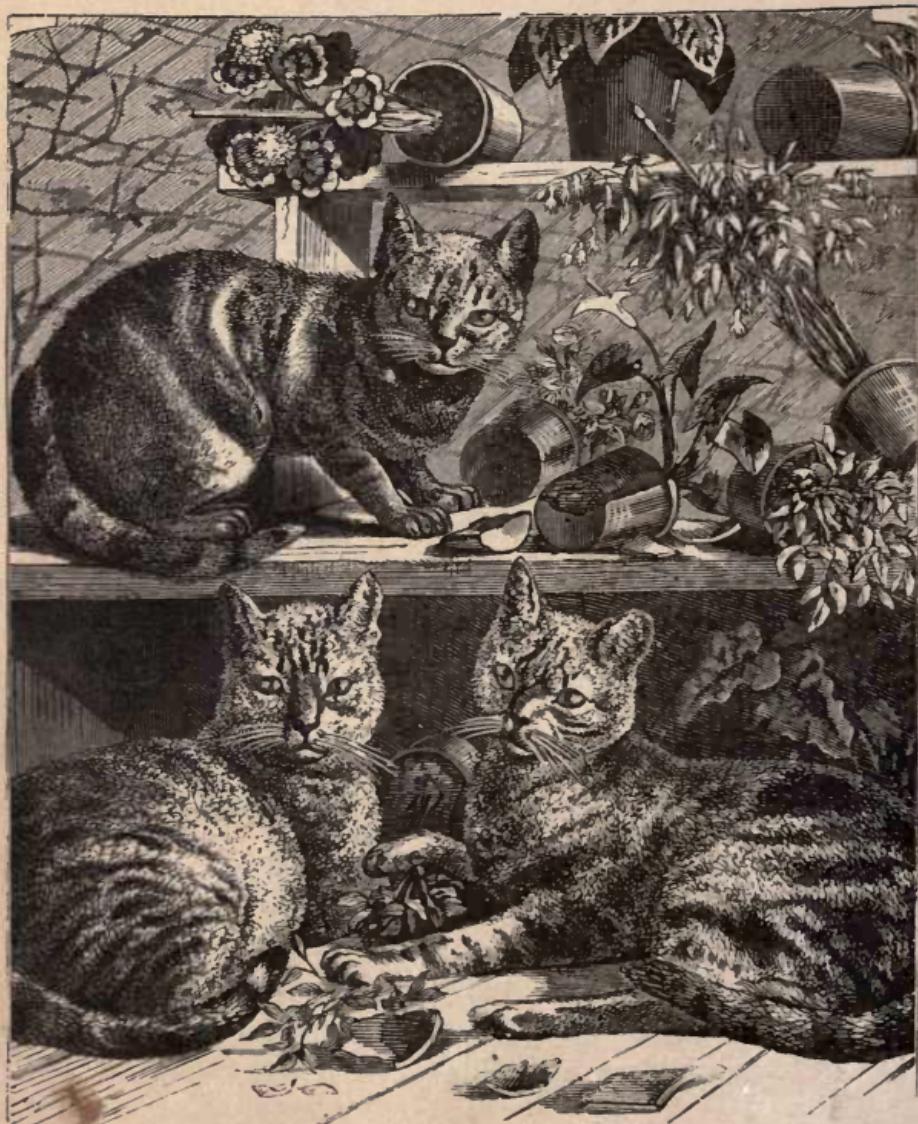
THE SAND MAN.

OHO! but he travels the country over,
The queer little, kind little, elfish rover!
Lightly he bears in his tricksome hand
A silvery horn full of sleepy sand,
Shaking it here, and shaking it there,
Till the blossoms nod in the drowsy air;
Till the sunlight creeps up hill to bed,
Or slips through the sky where clouds are red;
Till the lambkins bleat a soft "good-night!"
And birds grow still in the tree-tops bright,
While sweet little eyelids, all over the land,
Droop with the weight of the silvery sand.

Oho! Oho! where the Sand Man goes
Every one wonders and nobody knows;
For just when the right time comes to peep,
Little and big are falling asleep.
He steals to the cradles, the cribs, the beds,
And sprinkles his sand over children's heads,
Till bright little faces lie warm and still,
Smiling or grave, at the Sand Man's will.
He catches them often at full midday,
And bids them stop in their merry play—
With a "Hō! my darling," "Hi! my dear,"
"I'll sing a dream-song into your ear."



Some on the carpet, some on the chairs,
Some curled up on the nursery stairs ;
Some in the grass where the shadows play,
Some hidden deep in the fragrant hay,
And some who, folded in mother's embrace,
Float in a lullaby, pressing her face.
Oho ! but he travels the country over,
The queer little, kind little, elfish rover !
And whence he comes, and whither he goes,
Every one wonders, and nobody knows ;
For just when the right time comes to peep,
All the children are falling asleep.



TROUBLE IN THE GREENHOUSE.

THREE big cats in a greenhouse.
Oh! they look so meek,
So sage and sleek,
That but for the clash
And the sudden crash,
And the broken pots
Of forget-me-nots,
And upset roses,
And dingy noses,
And draggled vines,
And tangled twines,
And broken pink,
You'd never think
What a fearful fuss
And hopeless muss
Could be made in a hurry
And velvet flurry
By three meek cats in a greenhouse.

TEN KINDS.



WINNIE WHINEY, all things grieve her ;
Fannie Fibber, who'd believe her ?
Lotty Loozem, late to school, sir ;
Albert Allplay, quite a fool, sir ;
Kitty Kissem, loved by many,
Georgy Grump, not loved by any.
Ralph Ruff — beware his fist, sir !
Tillie Tattle, like a blister,
Gus Goodaction, bright and cheery,
Sammy Selfish, sour and dreary.
Do you know them, as I've sung them ?
Easy 'tis to choose among them.



“HAVE you apples, good grocer?”

“O yes, ma’am, how many?”

“How do you sell them, Sir?”

“Two for a penny.”

“I’ll have two, Mr. Grocer,

They’re good for my baby;

Send ’em home in an hour, Sir.”

“That I will, lady.”

THERE was an old woman of Wigg,
Who fattened her favorite pig.

“I’ll eat him,” she said,
“From his tail to his head”—
This greedy old woman of Wigg.



THERE was a brave knight of Lorraine,
Who hated to give people pain.
“I’ll skeer them,” he said,
“But won’t kill ‘em dead”—
This noble young knight of Lorraine.



THERE was an old doctor of Brille,
Who gave all his patients a pill.
"It will cure 'em," he said,
Or else kill 'em dead"—
This skillful old doctor of Brille.

FAIRY TALES.

"Et me see," thought little May,
Waking from her slumber,



"How many 'tories do I know?
Oh, a mons'rous number!
First Cin'rella with her shoe,
All d'essed up so sp'ended;
"Es, an' naughty B'ue Beard too,
Always gettin' 'fended;
'Fended with his wives he was,
All account of keys,

Then a-comin' back to say
'DIE MA'AM ! on your knees !'
Oh my ! if she hadn't had
Her faithful sister Ann,
No one ever would have come
To kill that wicked man !

Then the Bean-stalk — that was nice !
Wis' I'd one this minute,
Guess, though, I'd be most af'aid —
Might be giants in it.
Wonder if I was to be
Jack the Giant-killer
Nursey'd be af'aid o' me ?
Why, I would n't kill her !
Not unless she combed too hard —
Then I'd shake my axe
Jus' a 'ittle — wis' I had
A real one jus' like Jack's.
Wis' I had a pair o' boots
Like Puss, who went a-walkin' !
Wis' I had a Pussy too,
Sittin' up a-talkin'.
I would n't like to go get lost
Like 'ittle Hop my T'umb
'Way 'n the forest (don't I wish
My mamma'd only come !)
A'most makes me feel af'aid
T'inkin' 'bout 'em now ;
Gettin' lef' that way I t'ink
Was dreffle, any how ; —

But, oh, the chil'ren in the wood,
They must have been so f'ightened



A-list'nin, to the t'under, or
A-watchin' when it lighten'd.
Don't see why they did n't go;
Maybe, though, they could n't—

My Uncle would n't t'eat me so,
Uncle Rodney would n't.
Maybe in the mornin', too,
They heard a lion roarin'—
Here comes Nursey! now I'll play
I'm fast as'eep, a-snорin'.

OLD Can-an'-must is a giant bold,
But one thing scares him, I've been told ;
"I'm afraid when a youngster wastes his crust,
He'll never be thrifty," says Can-an'-must.

Old Can-an'-must is a giant bold,
And only one thing makes him scold :
"If I catch a youngster leaving a crust,
I'll gobble him up!" says Can-an'-must.

MOTHERLESS.

"I WISH she had not died," she said,
The words were soft and low ;
"Most little girls like me, papa,
Have dear mammas, you know.

"There's Lulu Hart, next door. I think
It's nice to live that way ;
With some one sitting at the blinds
To watch you while you play ;

“I often see her look up quick,
 And smile at some one there;
 And when she laughs and hides away,
 She knows some one will care.

“Why did n’t Doctor Bishop cure
 My mother, dear papa?
 That’s what he did one time, you know,
 For Lulu Hart’s mamma.

“Say, papa, was God good to take
 My own mamma away?
 For I was just a baby then —
 Papa, why don’t you say?”

“Yes, always good,” he sobbed. “Mamma
 Is very happy, dear.”
 His little girl sprang up, nor cared
 Another word to hear.

“Why, papa! crying? Please don’t cry.
 Do you feel sorry, too?
 Now, papa, see; I never meant
 I did n’t care for you.

“If mamma’s happy in the sky —
 You told me so before —
 We must n’t cry. I think it’s wrong
 To want her any more.

“Laugh, papa, quick! I’ll pull your hair!
 I’ll kiss your funny nose;

Laugh, quick, for Minnie ; else I'll try
To jump right on your toes.

“ Poor eyes ! all wet. I'll kiss them dry.
What's in your pocket ? See.
Oh ! where's your watch ? Now, wont you
please
Just make it tick for me ?

“ It's nice to have a dear papa.
(How big it is, and bright.
I hear it ticky, ticky, tick.
It's very loud to-night.)

“ Ride me to Banbury Cross, papa !
Now, don't you let me fall.
When I was littler, how I slipped !
I could n't keep on at all.

“ Oh ! there's the tea-bell. Now you've tossed
My hair like everything !
I'll toss yours too. Oho ! Oho !
You look just like a king —

“ For kings have crowns, you know, papa,
And your hair's standing straight.
I knew you'd laugh ! There, now, you're good —
Come quick, and show Aunt Kate.”

Aunt, at the table, glanced at one,
And then glanced at the other ;

She could not guess what hidden thing
Had happened to her brother.

His shining hair stood like a crown,
His smile was warm and bright;
“Why, John,” she said, “you really seem
Like your old self to-night.”





OLD SIMON.

OLD SIMON and his boys were glad,
To take the plainest fare;
They brightened everything they had,
With gratitude and prayer.

“Give thanks,” said Simon, “when ye rise,
Give thanks when day is done.”
And none than Simon were more wise,
Or happy, under the sun.

THE LITTLE MOTE.

A LITTLE mote lived in a sunbeam,
 And danced in its light all day;
 But she jumped with surprise one morning,
 At hearing the housemaid say:—

“Oh, the dust! How it keeps one a-working!
 It settles all over the room—
 And the air is so full, it is folly
 To labor with duster and broom!”

“Poor thing!” sighed the mote, “well, I’m sorry.
 I think I’ll go hide in her hair—
 I’m such a wee speck of a dustlet
 She never will know I am there.”

WHEN I was little,
 Thought I was big;
 Now I’m a giant,
 Don’t care a fig.

When I was nobody,
 Felt quite a chap;
 Now that I’m somebody,
 Don’t care a snap.



WHAT makes baby brave and bright?
Angels guard him day and night.

THE ALPHABET.

LITTLE boys with pockets,
Little boys with none,
Little bright-eyed lassies
Gather, every one !
Crowd around me closely.
Would you master books ?
You must first discover
How each letter looks.

A has a bar
Where a fairy might ride ;

B is a post
With two loops at the side.

C might be round
If a piece you would lend ;

D is a buck-saw
Standing on end.

E has a peg
In the middle, they say ;

F is an E
With the bottom away.

G is like C,
With a block on one end ;

H has a seat
That would hold you, depend.

I is so straight
It would do for a prop;

J is a crook
With a bar at the top.

K is a stick
With a crotch fastened to it.

L is a roost,
If the chickens but knew it.

M has four parts,
As you quickly may see;

N, the poor fellow!
Is made out of three.

O is so round
It would do for a hoop;

P is a stick
With a top like a loop.

Q to be curly
Is constantly trying;

R is like B,
With the bottom loop flying.

S is a snake,
All crooked and dread;

T is a pole
With a bar for a head.

U it is plain,
Would make a good swing;

V is as sharp
As a bumble-bee's sting.

W ought
 To be called double-V ;
X is a cross,
 As you plainly can see ;
Y is just formed
 Like a V on a stand ;
Z is the crookedest
 Thing in the land !

EARLY to bed and early to rise :
 If *that* would make me wealthy and wise
 I'd rise at daybreak, cold or hot,
 And go back to bed at once. Why not ?

THE COOK'S LITTLE BOY.

A REAL apple-pudding for Mammy and me !
 A-boiling as hard as I ever did see !
 O Mammy ! I'm going to jump up and look,
 And tell the old pudding to hurry and cook.

Is it looking in, Mammy, that hinders the boil ?
 Well, I'd feel very bad for my pudding to spoil ;
 So I'll cover it up, like a good little son,
 And play on the floor till you tell me it's done.

There's the chil'ren up-stairs — they're dressed up so fine,
But their pudding's no better than Mammy's and mine.
Oh! isn't it nice when your Mammy's the cook,
And whenever you want you can climb up and look!



"OH! ISN'T IT NICE!"

HARRY.

Hurrah for the bouncer, exactly fourteen ;
The blithest old schoolboy that ever was seen ,
Hurrah for the Harry who went by, this way,
Last Valentine's eve, *thirteen* and a day !

There was Harry, aged *twelve*, I remember him well
A hawk from a hernshaw he always could tell ;
And Harry, *eleven* — ah ! how he would fiddle
And scrape with his bow from the end to the middle.

Then the bold boy of *ten* that my Harry appeared,
A few years ago, when the war-mists were cleared ;
A chubby young fellow he flourished at *nine*,
A right chubby fellow, this Harry of mine.

At *eight* he was slender ; at *seven*, quite fat ;
At *six* he was saucy — depend upon that !
At *five* he put on his first trowsers and jacket ;
At *four* who could match him for making a racket ?

At *three* the young rascal was always in trouble ;
At *two* he was teething (his front teeth, and double) ;
At *one* he was precious and something to carry,
And the year before that there was never a Harry !

THREE WAYS.

“How sweet,” said the swan,
“To glide and splash !
And not, like a frog,
To dive and dash.”

“How fine,” said the frog,
“To dive and dash !
And not, like a swan,
To glide and splash.”

“But better than either
To float with grace,”
A pond lily whispered,
“Yet keep your place.”



TOM of Clapham used to say
 He loved his mother dearly ;
 Yet he vexed her sorely every day —
 Does that strike you queerly ?

WHAT THEY SAY.

WHAT does the drum say? “Rub-a-dub-dub!
 Rub-a-dub, rub-a-dub! Pound away, bub!
 Make as much racket as ever you can.
 Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub! Go it, my man!”

What does the trumpet say? “Toot-a-toot-too!
 Toot-a-toot, toot-a-toot! Hurrah for you!
 Blow in this end, sir, and hold me out, so.
 Toot-a-toot! toot-a-toot! Why don’t you blow?”

What does the whip say? “Snaperty-snap!
 Call *that* a crack, sir — flipperty flap!
 Up with the handle, and down with the lash.
 Snaperty! snaperty! Done in a flash.”

What does the gun say? “Put in my stick,
 I’m a real pop-gun. Fire me quick!
 See that you fire in nobody’s eye.
 Steady! my manikin. Now let it fly!”

What does the sword say? Swishy-an-swish!"
Flash in the sunlight, and give me a wish.
Wish I was real, sir — cut 'em in bits!
Wouldn't I scare all the world into fits!"

What do they *all* say, trumpet and gun,
Whip, sword, and drum-stick? Hurrah for fun!"
Babies no longer, but stout little men,
Racket forever! and racket again!"

ONE step — two step,
Three step — four.
Who says my baby
Can't travel the floor?
Five step — six step —
Seven step — eight!
Now shall my baby
Rest him in state!

MELONS.



Melons! melons!

All day long
Joe's mother sits
Selling melons.

“Ho! ripe and rich!”
Is her song,
All day long
Selling melons.



MELONS ! melons !

 All day long,

Joe walks the street

 Selling melons.

“Ho ! ripe and sweet !”

 Is his song,

All day long

 Selling melons.

HOW MANY THINGS IN MY POCKET?

Tap at your brain and unlock it,
Then count all the things in my pocket:
 A nail and a screw,
 A screw-driver, too ;
 A cent and a dollar,
 A tumbled-up collar ;
 A neck-tie and glove,
 A note from my love ;
 Two peppermint-drops,
 A couple of tops ;
 A buckle, a ball,
 The head of a doll ;
 A top-snare, of course,
 A six-penny horse ;
 Four pins, always handy,
 And three sticks of candy ;
 Ten nuts and a pen,
 A squirt—and what then ?
 Why, my knife, to be sure,
 And an old wooden skewer ;
 That's all—oh ! a string,
 A galvanized ring ;
 A pistol (but no one could cock it),
 And that's all I had in my pocket.

THE GALLANT OUTRIDERS.

“ WHERE have you been, my children ;
Where have you been, I pray ? ”

“ Oh, but we ’ve been a-riding,
A-riding the live-long day.”

“ And how did you ride, my darlings ;
And where did all of you go ? ”

“ We all of us went on horseback,
A-galloping in a row.



“ Jack had the whole of the saddle ;
I held on to the tail ;
And Leslie, under the fore-feet,
Managed to ride the rail ;

“Jackey galloped and cantered,—
 Played he galloped, I mean ;
For Les. and I did the rocking,
 And Jack just rode between.

“Oh, did n’t our animal caper
 As he hitched himself along !
We might have kept on forever,
 If they’d only made him strong.

“But when I pitched on the carpet,
 His tail so tight in my hand,
And Les. from the rail fell kicking,
 Why, horsey came to a stand.

“If Les. had only kept quiet,
 We might have played we were dead ;
I don’t see the sense in yelling
 Because you have bumped your head.

“Jackey held on like a good one,
 And looked as fine as a fiddle,—
But it’s nothing to ride a-horseback
 If a fellow is on the middle.”



“ Busy bee! busy bee!
Where is your home?”
“ In truth, pretty maiden,
I live in a comb.”

“ And you, little Rabbit,
Where do you rush?”
“ I rush to my home, dear,
Under the brush!”





DOBBIN'S FRIEND.

DOBBIN has a little friend,
Spotted white and sable ;
Every day she goes to him,
In his lonely stable.

Not a might of dread has she,
Not a thought of danger ;
Lightly runs between his hoofs,
Jumps upon his manger ;

Lays her soft, warm cheek to his,
Purrs her meek "Good morning!"
Gives the flies that hover near,
Such a look of warning !

"Dobbin, dear, she sometimes says,
"Feel my winter mittens ;
Nice and warm, you see, and made
Purposely for kittens.

"Dobbin, dear, such times at home !
Mother has caught a rat !
Brought it home to show to us —
What do you think of that ?"

"Dobbin !" she whispers, purring still,
"You often get so weary,
Why don't you balk or run away,
And get your freedom, dearie ?"

Then Dobbin gives his head a toss,
And says, "For shame, Miss Kitty !
If I could do so mean a thing,
'Twould be a monstrous pity.

"No, no ; my master's good and kind ;
I'll never vex him, never !"
And pussy, pleased, still rubs his cheek,
And likes him more than ever.

THE WAY TO DO IT.

I'LL tell you how I speak a piece:
First, I make my bow ;
Then I bring my words out clear
And plain as I know how.

Next, I throw my hands up *so!*
Then I lift my eyes —
That's to let my hearers know
Something doth surprise.

Next, I grin and show my teeth,
Nearly every one ;
Shake my shoulders, hold my sides :
That's the sign of fun.

Next I start and knit my brow,
Hold my head erect :
Something's wrong, you see, and I
Decidedly object.

Then I wabble at my knees,
Clutch at shadows near,
Tremble well from top to toe :
That's the sign of fear.

Now I start, and with a leap
Seize an airy dagger,
"WRETCH!" I cry. That's tragedy,
Every soul to stagger.

Then I let my voice grow faint,
Gasp and hold my breath ;
Tumble down and plunge about :
That's a villain's death.

Quickly then I come to life,
Perfectly restored ;
With a bow my speech is done.
Now you'll please applaud.

WILLY AND HIS PIPE.

WILLY lay by the dimpling brook,
Where the sun had lain before ;
And, strange to say, when its place he took,
The spot just brightened the more.

The birds were singing in the blue,
A song that was like a hymn ;
While the baby ducklings, two by two,
Strayed into the water to swim.

“ Heigho ! ” sighed Willy, “ I cannot fly,
Nor even so much as float ;
And as for singing like robins, why,
I never could raise a note.

“ But I can play on my pipe,” said he ;
And soon the music came —
So clear and sweet, so blithesome free,
That it put the birds to shame.

The baby ducklings softly splashed,
The robins yet harder tried,
The sprinkled grass in sunlight flashed,
As it nodded by Willy’s side.

And, before he knew, he was floating free
On a sparkling river of thought ;

While the birds in the air came down to see
What wonder the pipe had wrought.

And still the music softly rose,
Still Willy was floating free;
And the little ducks with their funny toes,
Were happy as happy could be.





I HAD a little Scotchman,
Who reached to my chin ;
He was swift as an arrow,
And neat as a pin.

He ran on my errands,
And sang me a song ;
Oh, he was as happy
As summer is long !

TROTTERY, trottery, out of breath,
Nurse trots the baby 'most to death :
Sick or well, or cold or hot,
It's trottery, trottery, trottery-trot !

LAZY LOU.

LAZY Lou, Lazy Lou,
What's the matter, child, with you ?
Can't you work ? Can't you play ?



Can't you tuck your hair away ?
If I were you, my Lazy Lou,
I'd change my ways. That's what I'd do.



P in the morning early—
 Hi for my baby sweet!
 Here's a gown for his body,
 Here are shoes for his feet.
 And here is his snowy tucker
 Tied with ribbons fair,
 And here is his little mammy
 To curl his bonny hair.
 Here is his little bath-tub,
 And here is his little sponge,
 Before the gown and the curling
 My baby shall have a plunge.

PINS in the carpet, tacks in the floor,
 Needles in the drugget, wind through the door,
 Fire in the fender! Oh, it beats all!
 There isn't a place where our baby can crawl.



IF Pussy were made of leather,
And Doggie were made of lead,
I'd tumble them both together,
And hammer them on the head.

But Pussy is warm and tender,
And Doggie is good and true ;
So I'd rather far defend her,
And Doggie, too, would n't you ?





BE CAREFUL.

NEVER in a fool's mouth
 Thrust your careless finger ;
 If you do, there 's danger
 It may chance to linger.

Never to the foolish
 Tell your dearest thought ;
 Or you 'll find your confidence,
 Like your finger, "caught."

Never with the silly
 Banter, sport, or jest ;
 Even for your frolics
 Wise friends are the best.

FARM LESSONS.

“Ho! plowman Kelly! How does it feel
To get in a wagon by climbing the wheel?”
“Nay, nay, little master, don’t try it, I beg,
For that is the way that I broke my leg.”

“Kelly, Kelly! Come, show me the way
They turn this machine when they cut the hay!”
“No, no, little master, just let it be—
That hay-cutter cut off my thumb for me.”

“Ho, Kelly! The well-curb is rimmed with moss.
Now look at me while I jump across!”
“Hold, hold, young master! ’T would be a sin!
I tried it once, and I tumbled in.”

“Kelly, Kelly! Send me to jail,
But I’ll pluck a hair from yon pony’s tail.”
“Oh, master, master! Come back! Don’t try—
That’s the very way that I lost my eye.”

“Why, Kelly, man, how under the sun
Can you be so frisky and full of fun?—
With all your mishaps, you are never a spoon—
You’re as brave as a lion and wise as a coon.”

“Well, well, young master, maybe it’s so,
And maybe it isn’t. But this I know:
It just brings trouble and mischief and slaughter,
To be fussin’ around where one hadn’t ought ter.



OUT OF THE GROUND.

A GLOW in the sunshine,
A pulse in the air,
A something of gladness —
We cannot tell where ;
Blue, born of heaven,
Filling the sky ;
A laugh in the brooklet
Hastening by ;
A stirring of insects
Waking the wood ;
Prayer breathed in secret :
“God, thou art good !”
Little birds humming ;
Joy all around —
The flowers must be coming
Out of the ground !

They're coming ! They're coming !
Daffodils sweet —
Hear the grass whisper
Under our feet !
Telling of daisies,
Telling of clover,
Telling of beauty
All the world over !
Looking up brightly
Where the sun shines,
Sending a message
Up to the vines :
“ Wake from your slumbers,
Summon your powers,
Put forth your tendrils :
They're coming — the flowers ! ”

They're coming ! They're coming !
'Tis writ on the air,
In incense and harmony
Breathed everywhere !
Winds murmur no longer
Their woe to the pines —
But spiders are spinning
Their gossamer lines.
Blue-birds are darting
The branches among,
Wild with a pleasure
Only half sung.
Herd-bells are tinkling —
Moonie, the cow,

Crops the young grasslets
Emerald now.
High on the roof-top
Sparrows look forth,
Watching for travellers
Flying to north —
Twittering sparrows !
Blithesome and true,
You never left us
All winter through.
Brave little sparrows !
No tempest lowers —
Blest is your waiting :
They're coming — the flowers !

They're coming ! They're coming !
The beautiful throng,
To sooth us and cheer us
The whole summer long.
By brook and in meadow,
Woodland and glade,
Through moonlight and starlight,
Sunshine and shade,
They're creeping, they're springing,
They're climbing the hill,
They're twining and clinging —
Though under ground still.
The blue-birds have called them —
(Praise God for it all !)
They have heard, and already
They answer the call !

O Snow-white and Purple,
Pink, Yellow, and Blue !
Lie close to their hearts
Till the day they come through.
O spirit of Beauty !
Spirit of Grace !
Still bide ye above them
Watching the place.
Fragrance and Loveliness !
Still hover near,
Soon shall your hosts
In their glory appear.
Surely the Spring-time
Is crowning its hours —
They're coming ! They're coming !
The beautiful flowers !





POOR CROW!

GIVE me something to eat,
 Good people, I pray ;
 I have really not had
 One mouthful to-day !

I am hungry and cold,
 And last night I dreamed
 A scarecrow had caught me—
 Good land, how I screamed !

Of one little children
 • And six ailing wives
 (No, one wife and six children),
 Not one of them thrives.

So pity my case,
Dear people, I pray ;
I'm honest, and really
I've come a long way.

THE WOODEN HORSE.

A REAL horse is good,
But a horse made of wood
Is a much better horsey for me ;
For he need n't be tied,
And he's steady beside,
And never gets lazy, you see.

When pulled, he will go ;
And he stops when you " whoa ! "
For he always is willing to please ;
And though you may stay
By the water all day,
Not once for a drink will he tease.

Not a handful of feed,
All his life, does he need ;
And he never wants brushing or combing :
And after a race
All over the place,
He never stands panting and foaming.

He does n't heed flies,
Though they light on his eyes ;
Mosquitoes and gnats he won't mind :
And he never will shy,
Though a train whizzes by,
But always is gentle and kind.

A real horse, some day,
Will be running away ;
A donkey is *so* apt to kick ;
A goat will upset you,
A doggie will fret you —
Your wooden horse has n't a trick !

No chance of a crash,
Or a runaway smash,
Though never so playful and free.
Oh ! I like when I drive
To be brought home alive —
So a fine wooden horsey for me !

TINKER, come bring your solder,
And mend this watch for me.
Haymaker, get some fodder,
And give my cat his tea.
Cobbler, my horse is limping,
He'll have to be shod anew;
While the smith brings forge and hammer
To make my daughter a shoe.
Bestir yourselves, my lazies!
I give you all fair warning:
You must do your work 'twixt twelve at night,
And an hour before one in the morning.

THERE was a rare boy who fell ill,
And begged them to give him a pill;
"For my kind parents' sake,
The dose I will take,"
Said this rare little boy who fell ill.

TAKING TIME TO GROW.

“MAMMA! mamma!” two eaglets cried,
“To let us fly you’ve never tried.
We want to go outside and play ;
We’ll promise not to go away.”
The mother wisely shook her head :
“No, no, my dears. Not yet,” she said.

“But, mother dear,” they called again,
“We want to see those things called men,
And all the world so grand and gay,
Papa described the other day.
And—don’t you know?—he told you then
About a little tiny wren,
That flew about so brave and bold,
When it was scarcely four weeks old ?”

But still the mother shook her head ;
“No, no, my dears, not yet,” she said.
“Before you see the world below,
Far bigger you will have to grow.
There’s time enough to look for men ;
And as for wrens—a wren’s a wren.
What if your freedom does come late ?
An eaglet can afford to wait.”



“NO, NO, MY DEARS, NOT YET,” SHE SAID.

THE NAUGHTY BOY.

“OCH, save us!” cried Betty, “I’m ‘most driven wild;
 Would you shtep here a moment, ma’am, please?
 For the sowl of me, ma’am, I can’t ready the child
 While he keeps up such doin’s as these.

“I might better be curlin’ a porkerpine quill,
 Or washin’ the face of a eel,
 Than be dressin’ of him—for he never keeps still
 ‘Less I howld him by neck an’ by heel.

“It’s three blissed times since I put on his clothes
 That he’s wriggled stret off o’ the chair;
 Not a moment ago he attack-ted me nose,
 And it’s twice he’s been into me hair.

“If ye’ll credit me, ma’am, wid his cryin’ an’ kickin’,
 He’s brought tears to my eyes, ma’am, like rain—
 If he wasn’t so bad, ma’am, I would n’t be speakin’,
 For I niver was one to complain.”

Thus summoned, I went to the nursery-door,
 There sat master Johnny, a-pout.
 And I said, as I lifted him up from the floor,
 “Why, Johnny, what’s all this about?”

A scream was his answer. His flushed little face
 Looked angrily up into mine;

“Oo hurt!” “Do I, Johnny? Where? — show me
the place!”

But his cry only changed to a whine.

In a moment, I found out the cause of the trouble —
'Twas a pin, pricking deep in his side;
And she, in her roughness, had bent the thing
double —

No wonder my darling had cried!

Poor Johnny! He sobbed on my shoulder awhile,
Then held up his face to be kissed;
(If Betty went back to the Emerald Isle,
I know where she would n't be missed.)

Soon, meek as a lamb when the tempest is whirling,
And the shepherd is deaf to his bleat,
Our Johnny submitted to washing and curling,
Till Betty proclaimed him “complete.”

In “righting” each other,
(As Betty would say),
If we find there's a bother
That stands in the way —

Perhaps 'twould be well,
Before crying, “Sin,”
And running to tell,
To look for the pin!



LITTLE MISS LIMBERKIN.

LITTLE Miss Limberkin,
Dreadful to say,
Found a mouse in the cupboard
Sleeping away.
Little Miss Limberkin
Gave such a scream,
She frightened the little mouse
Out of its dream.

THE FROG WHO WOULDN'T A-WOOING GO.

YE gentlemen far, and gentlemen near,
And ladies fair, and children dear,
Come, list to the mournful tale — heigho! —
Of the frog who wouldn't a-wooing go.

I.

Once on a time, when nations were few,
And whether the world stood still or flew,
Nobody cared and nobody knew,

A respectable pair,
By name of Gluck,
Lived in a pool
On the Isle of Muck.

Oh! very blest were this pair of frogs,
Their lot was cast in the softest of bogs.
Mrs. Gluck had an exquisite voice,
Their sky was serenest,
Their puddle the greenest
That ever bade heart of a froggy rejoice.

II.

But of all the blessings that came to this pair,
Most precious of all was a son and heir,
With the widest of mouths and the loveliest stare —

Their brisk little polliwog,
Hearty and hale;
Their own little frisky one,
All head and tail!

Ah ! never were parents so happy as these,
 Though their child, to be sure, wouldn't sit on
 their knees.

And this, let me say, was a very bad sign,
 Though they didn't perceive it
 And couldn't conceive it,
 For it proved that he didn't to duty incline.

III.

Well, the days flew along, and their child grew
 apace,
 Till at last a fine form came to balance his face ;
 And his legs grew so fast they seemed running
 a race.

Completed at last,
 With his garment of green,
 Just the handsomest froggy
 That ever was seen,

He said to his mother : " Now, madam, I'm blown
 If — ahem ! I *should* say, I am perfectly grown ;
 So in future I 'd wish my own master to be,
 Though I thank you most kindly
 For loving me blindly."

(Such airs in a youngster were dreadful to see !)

IV.

" O son," quoth his mother, " you fill me with
 pain ! "

And she sobbed and she sighed with her whole
 might and main,
 And called to her husband in desperate strain.

“Pooh, pooh!” said old Gluck,

“The youngster is right,

So let him alone, ma’am,

Or you and I’ll fight.

And, hark ye, my son, I have noticed of late
Yon puddle attracts you. Tis well. Find your mate.
The Gungs, as a family, seem to adore you.

Select your own waters,

Take one of the daughters,

And leap into life like your father before you.”

V.

Alas for young puddledum! Proudly he scouted
The sire’s good advice. He sulked and he pouted,
And the Gung girls, in turn, every one of them, flouted.

“What, choose me a wife!

Does he think I’m a fool?

No, my motto for life

Is: *one* frog to a pool.

Shall I yield up my freedom — be tied to a log?

Not I, by my jumps!” quoth this prig of a frog.

“Miss Gung, sir, for all I’ll prevent, gug-a-loo!

May sing till they carry me,

‘No one will marry me,

Nobody, nobody’s coming to woo!”

VI.

I must tell you; old Gluck, with his puddle so fair,
Was known by the banks as mud-millionaire.

So, young Gluck (who you know, was his first son
and heir),



Soon set up a team
Of sleek water-rats,
And covered his head
With the brightest of hats ;
Then, with a ~~phaeton~~ and footman or two,
He drove forth to dazzle, to awe and subdue.
Oh ! glum was his face, his heart icy cold !

And the seat of his car,
Though too wide by far
For one single frog, not another would hold.

VII.

But when did the heartless, disdainful, and flat
Live on, unrebuked by this world's tit for tat?
And why did our frog trust his fate to a rat?

One day, as he drove,
There came forth to stare—
Kingfisher and Duck—
A most comical pair.

The first was the proudest that ever was seen,
For the rod in his hand was the gift of his queen;
But the other—ah! never did duck so expand;
Yet strut as he could,
And strain as he would,
Poor Quack, for the life of him, could n't look grand.

VIII.

Yet he took it amiss that his efforts were lost
To thaw with his splendor that armor of frost
(For our frog quite disdained any duck to accost),

And loudly he shouted,
“Come back, sir, come back!
You're spoiling our road

With your zig-zagging track,
Come back, or yon man, with his cat-o'-nine tails,
Will be after your team, till you whistle like quails—
Great Neptune! If there ain't the mischief to pay!

Just as sure as I waddle,
 Or swim, dive, or paddle,
 Those rats of young Gluck's are a-running away !"

IX.

Too true. They had heard the duck's dreadful appeal—
 A cat with nine tails ! why, the thought made them squeal.
 And they ran for their holes, with poor Gluck, neck and heel.
 But whether he lived,
 Or whether he died,
 Or whether the rats
 Managed safely to hide,
 Or whether his parents e'er saw him again,
 Or whether Miss Gung always waited in vain,
 'Neath her lily-pads green, for a lover, or no,
 Are things that belong
 To the rest of my song
 Of the frog who would n't a-wooing go.

PART SECOND.

I.

OH ! moan, ye winds, by the green pool's brink !
 And quickly, ye Glucks, in the deep mud sink ;
 Prepare all the dregs of affliction to drink !

The pride of the puddle,
 Breath of thy breath,
 Lies low in the marshes,
 Fainting to death.

Oh ! weep, poor Miss Gung ! for there never shall be
 In thy home of the lilies a lover for thee.
 Thy sun goeth down with never a glow,
 He hath frowned on thy fate,
 On thy maiden estate,
 And the one whom thou lovest is lying all low !

II.

Ha ! what is this coming ? what wreck do they spy ?
 What driverless rat-steeds are these rushing by ?
 "Our child !" cried the mother ; "oh ! fly to him, fly !"
 These words to old Gluck,
 And that mother fell dead ;
 She had burst with her grief,
 And the vital spark fled.

Then madly in search leaped that father bereft,
 And wildly those goggle-eyes peered right and left ;
 Till at last, where the bank lay a little aslant,
 He saw his son lying,
 Apparently dying,
 For all he could do was to quiver and pant.

III.

"Oh ! leap, little Eng" (this, Gluck said to his latest,
 A froggy half-grown), "bring of doctors the greatest,
 And look to thy speed, that thou never abatest.

Bring Tightskin, or Squatt,
 Or my cousin Paff-Puff;
 But don't bring them all—
 One doctor's enough.

O horror! he fails! Be quick, Eng, be quick!
 His eye-balls are sinking! his breath's growing thick.
 Either Tightskin or Squatt will be better than Paff—”
 But Eng never heard,
 He had left at the word,
 Bound, of course, for the third of that medical staff.

IV.

“Oh! look at me, son! Oh! lift up your head!
 And don't lie so limp, for you fill me with dread
 For pity's sake, hear me. Your mother is dead!”

“Dead!” gasped Master Gluck,
 “And I lying here?
 Oh! why will these mothers
 Step out of their sphere?
 If ever I needed good nursing 'tis now,
 And your masculine paw, sir, it scratches my brow.
 I need some one gentle—more gentle than air—
 O father! I fear
 I am injured in here.”
 And our frog pressed his heart in the deepest despair.

V.

“Now, bear up, my son,” cried the sorrowing Gluck.
 “See! the doctor is coming. He'll bring us good luck.
 By my croak! but it's Paff, the conceited old buck.”

Then, quick to the doctor,
"My child! Is he killed?
Oh! save me my son
From the phaeton spilled.

Haste! give me the lotion! I'll pour it on here."
"No, no," moaned the patient, "I can't have him
near,
His rubbing is torture. I'd rather be hung.
Dear doctor, he's rough—
He's nursed me enough—
Oh! send little Eng for that oldest Miss Gung."



VI.

Then outspake the uncle, with wrath in his face,
 And a grunt of denial that filled all the place,
 'No, no, Master Gluck, *I'll* attend to your case,
 Humph! nursing indeed!

You've called me too late.
 In less than an hour, sir,
 We'll lay you out straight.

No Miss Gung shall you have. Her father's my friend.
 If you'd done as you ought — Never mind. I intend
 To have all my sons, cousin Gluck, marry early.

Had my patient seen fit
 To wed, I'll admit

He might have been saved," said this doctor so surly.

VII.

And then, while our hero lay moaning with pain,
 And his father kept rubbing and fussing in vain,
 The doctor continued, in furious strain,

"This accident — humph!
 Cousin Gluck, on my word,
 With a family team, sir,
 Would not have occurred.

This thinking and plotting for self all the while,
 And frisking about, sir, in bachelor style,
 With no one to nurse you when hurt, sir, don't pay."

"Good doctor," moaned froggy,
 "It is n't too late,
 Even now she'd consent
 To soften my fate.

Oh Eng! dear, run off for Miss Gung, right away."

VIII.

These words were his last. He never moved more,
But lay through the starlight, all fainting and sore
(And those weary night-watchers, how rasping their
snore) !

In the morning they found him
Stretched out stiff and stark —
He had died all alone
In the cold and the dark.

The chord of existence had snapt, they averred,
In trying to utter one sweet little word.

And, as over his body his weeping sire hung,
'Twas plain to be seen,
From that mouth's very mien,
That the last mournful sound of his life had been —
Gung !

Oh ! gentlemen far, and gentlemen near,
And striplings fair, and children dear,
Be warned by the mournful tale, heigho !
Of the frog who wouldn't a-wooing go.



THE STUBBORN BOOT.

BOTHER! was all John Clatterby said.
His breath came quick, and his cheek was red,
He flourished his elbows, and looked absurd,
While, over and over, his "Bother!" I heard.

Harder and harder the fellow worked,
Vainly and savagely still he jerked ;
The boot, half on, *would* dangle and flap—
"Oh bother!" and then he broke the strap.

Redder than ever his hot cheek flamed;
Harder than ever he fumed and blamed;
He wriggled his heel, and tugged at the leather
Till knees and chin came bumping together.

“My boy!” said I, in a voice like a flute,
“Why not — ahem! — try the mate of that boot;
Or the other foot?” — “I’m a goose,” laughed John,
As he stood, in a flash, with his two boots on.

In half the affairs
Of this busy life
(As that same day
I said to my wife),
Our troubles come
From trying to put
The left hand shoe
On the right-hand foot,
Or *vice versa*
(Meaning, reverse, sir).
To try to force,
As quite of course,
Any wrong foot
In the right shoe,
Is the silliest thing
A man can do.

THE LITTLE DUTCHMAN.

OH I'm a little Tuchman,
 My name is Van der Dose,
 An' vat I cannot get to eat,
 I smells it mit my nose.

An' ven dey vill not let me blay,
 I takes it out in vork ;



And ven dey makes me vork too hard,
 I soon de jop will shirk.

An' ven dey sends me off to ped,
 I lays avake all night ;
 An' ven dey comes to vake me up,
 I shuts my eyes up tight.

For I'm a little Tuchman,
 My name is Van der Dose,
 An' vat I do not know myself,
 I never vants to knows.

A BIRTHDAY.

OLD man with the hour-glass, halt ! halt ! I pray —
 Don't you see you are taking my children away ?
 My own little babies who came long ago,
 You stole them, old man with the beard white as
 snow !

My beautiful babies, so bonny and bright !
 Where have you carried them far out of sight ?
 Oh, dimpled their cheeks were, and sunny their hair !
 But I cannot find them ; I 've searched everywhere.

My three-year-old toddlers, they shouted in glee ;
 They sported about me ; they sat on my knee.
 Oh, their prattle and laughter were silvery rain !
 Old man, must I list for their voices in vain ?

They were here ; they were gone while their kisses
 were warm.

I scarce knew the hour when they slipped from my
 arm —

Oh ! where was I looking when peerless and sweet,
 They followed the track of your echoless feet ?

My brave little school-boys who ran in and out,
 And lifted the air with their song and their shout ;
 My boys on the coldest days ever aglow,
 My dear, romping school-boys who bothered me so.

There were two of them then ; and one of the two —
 Ah ! I never was watchful enough — followed you.
 My chubby-faced darling, my kite-flying pet —
 Alack ! all his playthings are lying here yet.

And the other. O Time ! do not take him away !
 For a few precious years, I implore, let him stay.
 I love him — I need him — my blessing and joy !
 You have had all the rest : leave me one little boy !

He halts ! He will stop ! No ; the fall of the sand
 In the hour-glass deceived me. It seemed at a
 stand.

But whom have we here ? Jamie ! Harry ! how ? why
 Just as many as ever — and Time passing by ?

I can hardly believe it. But surely it 's clear
 My babies, my toddlers, my school-boys are here !
 And I 've two great big fellows (one lithe and one
 tall)

Besides all the rest — and more precious than all,

Jamie, my bouncer, my man-boy, my pride !
 Harry, my sunbeam, whatever betide ;
 Both of them, all of them, dozens in two —
 Crowds of my children are standing in view !

Move on, then, O Time ! I have nothing to say,
You have left me far more than you 've taken away.
And yet I would whisper a word ere you go :
You 've a year of my Harry's — the last one, you
know —

How does it rank among those that have flown ?
Was it worthily used when he called it his own ?
God filled it with happiness, comfort, and health —
Did my darling use rightly its Love-given wealth ?

No answer in words. Yet it really did seem
That the sand sparkled lightly — the scythe sent a
gleam.

Is it answer and promise ? God grant it be so,
From that silent old man with the beard white as snow.



THE PIG AND THE LARK.

A PIG scrambled up from his slumbers,
 And grunted with rage at the lark :
 "Why must you begin your loud carol
 Before we are out of the dark?"

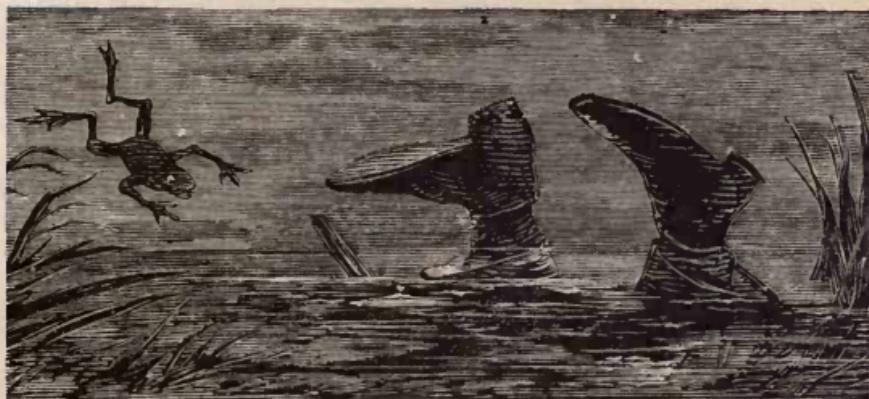
"Good sir," said the lark, as he flitted
 Right gayly from blossom to bud,
 "Look up to the sky for your morning —
 It never begins in the mud!"

THE WELL-MEANING FROG.

'TWAS a lonely bog,
 With a boy and frog
 On the marsh's brink.
 "I'll kill him!" cried the boy. In fact
 He leaned to do the dreadful act, —
 When lo! a splash!
 And in a flash
 Did froggie think :

“ Too true
 He meant to do
 Some harm to me,
 But then, you see

To mock him now would not be kind,
Lest he should drown.
I'll just go down
And tickle his ears
To calm his fears
And let him know that I didn't mind.



Soon, a dripping, sobbing, muddy boy
Ran home across that lonesome bog;
While placidly smiling on the shore
Squatted that thoroughly well-meaning frog.



THE FROST-KING.

OHO ! have you seen the Frost-King,
A-marching up the hill ?
His hoary face is stern and pale,
His touch is icy chill.
He sends the birdlings to the South,
He bids the brooks be still ;
Yet not in wrath or cruelty
He marches up the hill.

He will often rest at noontime,
To see the sunbeams play ;
And flash his spears of icicles,
Or let them melt away.
He'll toss the snow-flakes in the air,
Nor let them go nor stay ;
Then hold his breath while swift they fall,
That coasting boys may play.

He'll touch the brooks and rivers wide,
That skating crowds may shout ;
He'll make the people far and near
Remember he's about.
He'll send his nimble, frosty Jack —
Without a shade of doubt —
To do all kinds of merry pranks,
And call the children out ;

He'll sit upon the whitened fields,
And reach his icy hand

O'er houses where the sudden cold
Folks cannot understand.
The very moon, that ventures forth
From clouds so soft and grand,
Will stare to see the stiffened look
That settles o'er the land.

And so the Frost-King o'er the hills,
And o'er the startled plain,
Will come and go from year to year
Till Earth grows young again—
Till Time himself shall cease to be,
Till gone are hill and plain :
Whenever Winter comes to stay,
The hoary King shall reign.





AFTER THE WINTER.

THE summer is coming —
hurrah !

Old winter has gone for good.

The summer is coming — hurrah ! hurrah !

The birdies are in the wood.

The chickens are coming — hurrah !

Hear how the old hen clucks :

The chickens are coming — hurrah ! hurrah !

And the queer little turkeys and ducks.

The tad-poles are coming — hurrah !

With their comical, wriggling tails :

The tad-poles are coming — hurrah ! hurrah !
 Like little mites of whales.

The crickets are coming — hurrah !
 And katydids always so funny :
 And fire-flies too — hurrah ! hurrah !
 And bumble-bees laden with honey.

The ant-hills are coming — hurrah !
 What fun to see them rise :
 The ant-hills are coming — hurrah ! hurrah !
 They're growing before our eyes.



The daisies are coming — hurrah !
 We'll weave them in many a chain :
 The daisies are coming — hurrah ! hurrah !
 The daisies are coming again !

The cherries are coming — hurrah !
And apples and peaches and plums :
The fruit is a-coming — hurrah ! hurrah !
We 'll feast on it when it comes.

The swallows are coming — hurrah !
There 'll be lots of birds in the sky ;
The swallows are coming — hurrah ! hurrah !
We 'll whoop at them as they fly.

The corn-fields are coming — hurrah !
So green and waving and high :
The corn-fields are coming — hurrah ! hurrah !
We 'll hide in them by-and-by.

The summer is coming — hurrah !
We can bathe and swim and dive :
The summer is coming — hurrah ! hurrah !
Oh ! it 's jolly to be alive !

It 's jolly to live — hurrah !
Let us all be good and glad :
It 's the grandest world — hurrah ! hurrah !
That ever we children have had.



LITTLE WHIMPY.

WHIMPY, little Whimpy
Cried so hard one day,
His Grandma could n't stand it,
And his mother ran away ;
His sister climbed the hay-mow,
His father went to town,
And cook flew to the neighbor's,
In her shabby, kitchen gown.



Whimpy, little Whimpy
Stood out in the sun

And cried until the chickens
And ducks began to run ;
Old Towser in his kennel
Growled in an angry tone ;
Then burst his chain, and Whimpy
Was left there, all alone.

Whimpy, little Whimpy
Cried, and cried, and cried ;
Soon the sunlight vanished,
Flowers began to hide,
Birdies ceased their singing,
Frogs began to croak,
Darkness came ; and Whimpy
Found crying was no joke.

Whimpy, little Whimpy,
Never 'll forget the day
When his Grandma could n't stand it,
And his mother ran away ;
He was waiting by the window
When they all came home to tea —
And a gladder boy than Whimpy
You never need hope to see.

NIGHT AND DAY.

When I run about all day,
When I kneel at night to pray,
God sees.

When I'm dreaming in the dark,
When I lie awake and hark,
God sees.

Need I ever know a fear?
Night and day my Father's near:—
God sees.

AT THE WINDOW.

In and out, in and out,
Through the clouds heaped about,
Wanders the bright moon.

What she seeks, I do not know;
Where it is, I cannot show.

I am but a little child,
And the night is strange and wild.



In and out, in and out,
Wanders the bright moon ;
In and out, in and out,
She will find it soon.

There she comes ! as clear as day, --
Now the clouds are going away.
She is smiling, I can see,
And she's looking straight at me.

Pretty moon, so bright and round,
Wont you tell me what you found ?



OUT OF THE SHELL.

WELL, I'm out, after all!
 And I'll say, on my word,
 That's a pretty mean house
 For a duck of a bird!

Why, I could n't stand up,
 And I could n't sit down,
 But I lay in a cramp
 From my toes to my crown.

My good mammy and dad
 May have thought me a spoon,
 But they'll not get me back
 In that thing very soon.

BEES in the manger—
Poor Dobbin's nose !
Boys in the garden ;—
Hide, pretty rose !
Cats in the dairy—
Woe to the cream !
Spiders on the ceiling—
Hear Mollie scream !

BABY NELL.



BABY NELL had ten little toes,
Baby Nell had two little hose,
She always stared when the hose went on,
And thought her ten little toes were gone.

LEMONS for Molly ;
 Molly is sour.
 Roses for Polly ;
 Polly's a flower.
 Ginger for Willie ;
 Willie is quick.
 Powders for Tillie ;
 Tillie is sick.

JAMIE'S TROUBLES.

MAMMA, what 's zis on my ap'on ?
 Nassy ap'on make me ky ;
 Naughty ap'on awfu' 'ticky —
 Puttin' 'lasses in my eye.

Go 'way, B'idget ! P'ease don't wass me
 (Don't want on no pooty d'esses),
 Dim me nudder piece of tandy, .
Den I be oor 'ittle pres-sus.

Mamma, see, zis naughty soo-string
 Make poor Damie tumble down,
 It's all b'oke — I want my Pop-pa
 Buy me nudder, 'way down town.

Mamma, see zis funny tup !
 Damie hit it wiz his hammer.
Dess it's b'oke. Don't yip me, Mamma,
 If oo do, I tell my Damma.

Mamma, dess I dettin s'leepy ;
 Don't make Damie tate a nap ;
Tell me pooty 'tory, Mamma —
 Tate poor Damie on oor lap.

Pooty Mamma, b'essed Mamma —
 (Want a d'ink out Damie's mug ?)
O dat button hurt me dreffel !
 Dat's yight, Mamma — dim me hug !

JEAN AND KITTY.

How did they learn that their ways were small ?
 Jean and Kitty —
How did they know they were scorned by all ?
 Jean and Kitty.
Why, they listened one day, at a neighbor's blinds,
And heard the family speak their minds —
 What a pity !

DOGGIE'S TRICKS.

WHAT 's this coming ? Baby, hark !
 It 's the doggie — hear him bark —
 Bow, wow, wow, wow —
 Don 't you frighten Baby now !

Pussy hears him. See her hide,
 Now her eyes are open wide :
 Meouw, Meouw — *sptisss, sptisss!*
 Oh how angry pussy is !

Go 'way, doggie — run off, quick ;
 Moonie cow has found your stick —
 Moo, moo, moo, moo ;
 Moonie cow is calling you.

Now he 's off. He 's in the yard,
 All the sheep are running hard.
 Ba-a, ba-a, ba-a, ba-a !
 (What a naughty dog you are !)

Up, old rooster ! doggie 's coming ;
 He will catch you — see him running !
 Ech-ka cock-a-doodle doo —
 Go 'way, dog ! Who cares for you ?

Now he 's at the ducks — O look !
 See them waddle to the brook.

Quack ! quack ! quack ! quack !
Doggie cannot drive them back.

Turkey gobbler, chase him now ;
Chase him, turkeys ! Bow, wow, wow !
Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble !
Bow, wow, wow — gobble, gobble !



Sting him, bees ! The naughty doggie !
Jump upon him, great big froggie !
Buzz, buzz, gluck, gluck :
Now, old doggie, where's your pluck ?

There, they've bothered you enough —
And you're sorry, poor old Buff ?
Bow, wow, wow, wow,
Come and play with Baby now.

A SONG FOR BERTIE.

BABY BUFFETTY met a cow—
Moo, moo! How d'ye do?
Baby Buffetty made a bow—
Moo, moo! How d'ye do?
Baby Buffetty met a sheep—
Baa, baa! How's your ma?
Baby Buffetty gave a leap—
Baa, baa! How's your ma?
Baby Buffetty met a lion—
Roar, G-r-r-rooo! Go away!
Baby Buffetty ran off crying,
Roar, G-r-r-rooo! Go away!

A COMMON MISTAKE.

THE wisest thing
For any man,
Is to get from others
All he can.
The meanest thing
A man can do,
Is to get his gains
From me or you.

LITTLE MINNIE STOWE.



THE fairest and the merriest,
The kindest girl I know,
The brightest and the cheeriest,
Is little Minnie Stowe.

Little Minnie Stowe it is—
Little Minnie Stowe ;
I'll marry her when I am big—
The sweetest girl I know !

LETTING THE OLD CAT DIE.

Not long ago, I wandered near
A play-ground in the wood,
And there heard a thing from youthful lips
That I've never understood :

“Now let the old cat die!” he laughed ;
I saw him give a push,
Then gayly scamper away as he spied
My face peep over the bush.

But what he pushed, or where it went,
I could not well make out,
On account of the thicket of bending boughs
That bordered the place about.

“The little villain has stoned a cat,
Or hung it upon a limb,
And left it to die all alone,” I said ;
“But I’ll play the mischief with *him*.”

I forced my way between the boughs,
The poor old cat to seek,
And what did I find but a swinging child,
With her bright hair brushing her cheek.

Her bright hair floated to and fro,
Her red little dress flashed by,



But the liveliest thing of all, I thought,
Was the gleam of her laughing eye.

Swinging and swaying back and forth,
With the rose-light in her face,
She seemed like a bird and a flower in one,
And the wood her native place.

“Steady! I’ll send you up, my child,”
But she stopped me with a cry:
“Go ‘way! go ‘way! Don’t touch me, please—
I’m letting the old cat die!”

“*You*, letting him die?” I cried, aghast;
“Why, where is the cat, my dear?”
And lo! the laughter that filled the woods
Was a thing for the birds to hear.

“Why, don’t you know,” said the little maid,
The flitting, beautiful elf,
“That we call it ‘letting the old cat die’
When the swing stops all itself?”

Then floating and swinging, and looking back
With merriment in her eye,
She bade me “good-day,” and I left her alone,
A-letting the old cat die.



WHAT shall we take to Boston?
Tell me, my baby, pray,
We must take our eyes to see with,
And take our ears to hear with,
And take our feet to run with,
And take our arms to hug with,
And a how d'ye do?
How *do* you do?
And how are you all to-day?

WASHING-DAY.

WHILE mother is tending baby,
We'll help her all we can,
For I'm her little toddlekins,
And you're her little man.
And Nell will bring the basket,
For she's the biggest daughter,
And I'll keep rubbing, rubbing,
And you'll pour in the water —



And now we 'll have to hurry
Because it 's getting late—
Poor dolly is n't dressed yet,
But dolly 'll have to wait.
I 'll pour, and you can rub 'em,
Whichever you had rather—
But seems to me, if I keep on;
We 'll get a quicker lather.
Maybe, when mother sees us
Takin' so much troubles,
She 'll let us put our pipes in
And blow it full of bubbles :
But now we 'll have to hurry,
Because it 's getting late—
And dolly is n't dressed yet,
But dolly 'll have to wait.

TROTTY MALONE.

Boys and girls, come riddle and ravel,
Tell us how you would like to travel.

Crispy, crackly, snow and tingle,
"Give me sleighs!" said Jenny Jingle.

Stony, bumpty, bang and bolter,
"Give me carts!" said Johnny Jolter.

Slidy, glidy, jerky whiff-ter,
"Give me cars!" cried Sally Swifter.

Flipetty, cricketty, elegant go,
"Give me a buggy!" said Benjamin Beau.

"A fig for them all!" cried Trotty Malone,
"Give me a stout pair of legs of my own!"

Don't trust Chatter, who whispers low,
And tells you stories of Prue and Joe.
Be sure when he whispers to Joe and Prue,
He'll tell them many a tale of you.

RED AND WHITE.

ONCE on a still December night,
In the freezing, wintry weather,
Two little stockings, red and white,
Were softly talking together.

Firelight flashed in the darkened room,
Shadows were sliding and creeping
Over the beds where, half in the gloom,
Two little children were sleeping.

“ Hark ye!” said White in a whisper low,
“ I fancy, Red, by your bulging so,
You come from some plump little baby-leg —
If I’m mistaken, your pardon I beg.”

“ That’s so,” said Red, “ for she kicked me off
This very day (and she’ll have a cough,
As sure as I’m knit, for her careless ways —
A cough that may trouble her all her days).

“ But you? Ah! you look so fair and trim,
You came from some little royal limb,
With your dainty heading of daisy pink —
At least so an humble sock would think.”

“ Hoho !” said White. “ Don’t you know me, Red ?
Why, there’s my owner in yonder bed —
Yours in the cradle and mine in the crib;
And mine is the bigger, or else I fib.

“But bless me, Red, I care not a fig,
Though yours be little and mine be big ;
Soon shall we hang in equal pride
From yonder mantel side by side.

“Down the chimney a figure will bound —
Old Saint Nicholas, funny and round ;
And, stuffing as though he never would stop,
He’ll fill us with good things up to the top.”

“Hurrah !” cried Red, “and well for me
That I bulge in the ankle and foot, you see.”
“And well for me,” said White, “that I,
Though narrow and slim, am long and high.

“But, Red, after all, we need n’t care,
Though in shape and room we’re not a pair ;
For the cradle and crib hold sisters, you see,
And the crib will give to the cradle from me.

“If I hold more and you hold less,
The babies ’ll make it even, I guess.”
“That’s so,” said Red, “but I quite despair
When you hang so grand on the back of a
chair.”

“Pooh, pooh !” said White, “don’t think of that —
Think of the hours that I’m folded flat ;
And how often, when shoe-pegs pierce me
through,
I long to be woolen and thick like you.”

“That’s so,” said Red — ‘twas his pet reply —

“But then I take so long to dry!

It’s very unpleasant to be so thick —

Besides, I’m just as red as a brick.”

“My friend,” said White, with an anxious sigh,

How quickly your troubles multiply!

I really think” (here he gave a cough)

“It affects your spirits — to be kicked off.”



“That’s so,” said Red again — “I feel

Just good for nothing from toe to heel.

She kicks me off, till I’m almost dead,

I’d die of the blues if I was n’t so red.”

“Come, neighbor, cheer up!” said White in distress ;

“We’re only stockings, I must confess ;

Yet we suit the feet that are wearing us out,
So there really is nothing to worry about.

“The worst that stockings or children can do
Is to hold the dark side always in view.
This fretting and fussing, dear Red, is shocking.
I *know* it is ; though I’m only a stocking.

“And think how grand it will be, dear Red—
Or how glad we shall feel, I should have said—
When on Christmas morning, after their sleep,
Our dear little owners into us peep.”

“That’s so !” cried the other. “Away with folly,
For the rest of my days I mean to be jolly.
She may kick me off—the dear little tot—
Whenever she pleases ; I’ll mind it not.

“Christmas is coming ! that’s so ! that’s so !
And *then* I’ll be somebody—won’t I, though ?
By the way, old White, I wish it were day,
So she’d put me on, and frolic and play.”

White laughed with joy, and said, “All right.
You’ve come to your senses now. Good-night.”
And so all quiet and peaceful they lay
Till the children awoke at break of day.

THE THIRD OF JULY.

Ha, ha! little toddlekins — cash did you say?
You shall have it, my boys.
For racket and noise,
Crackers and powder,
Louder and louder,
Shall bang and resound on the glorious day!

Here's a dollar for Johnny, a dollar for Paul.
And you, little Dick,
Come to father my chick!
Now *that's* for a pack,
And *that's* for a pack,
And *that's* for torpedoes and snappers and all!

Now Robbie and Willie,—you boys with "real" pockets;
Ha, ha! I declare.
Shall I put it in there?
Hear it dropping, co-chunk!
What! you want more for punk?
Here it is. And *I'll* see to the pin-wheels and rockets.

Of course, you all know of the great Declaration
That made us as free
As a country could be.
On that glorious Fourth,
East, West, South, and North
Were proclaimed a United American Nation!

How our forefathers bled,— they, the mighty and wroth !
To make us all free,—
Yes, *you*, boys, and me.
Though you can't understand
How they wrestled and planned,
You can honor them, boys, and remember the Fourth.

Be off with your money ! To-morrow's the word !
Hold, Johnny, here's more
To divide 'twixt you four.
And Dick, here's a dime,—
Hurrah ! What a time !
We'll have such a racket as never was heard !



WHEN I am big, I mean to buy
A dozen platters of pumpkin-pie,
A barrel of nuts, to have 'em handy,
And fifty pounds of sugar-candy.

When I am big, I mean to wear
A long-tailed coat, and crop my hair;
I'll buy a paper, and read the news,
And sit up late whenever I choose.

WIND for the tree-top, sun for the spear ;
Johnny will be a big boy in a year.
When he is big he can battle the storm ;
While he is little, we 'll wrap him up warm.

"HERE 's plenty of shells and clay and water,
Make me some nice mud-pies, my daughter."
"Oh ! yes, mamma — and the sun is hot,
I can heat my oven as well as not.
If you will take, why, I will make —
Pit 'em and pat 'em and set 'em to bake."

LITTLE BELL DREER AND THE DISH-COVER.

O MAMMA ! look, cried little Bell Dreer ;
There's a girl in the cover like me ;
And whenever I move she looks so queer ;
It's so funny — I never did see !

Why, she makes a face if I turn my cheek ;
She makes a face if I wink.
Oh ! her hair runs off, and she tries to speak ;
Why, she's frightened at me, I think !

Come out little girl, and see my doll ;
Come out of the shine and play.
I haven't a bit of a sister at all,
And my dolly is sick to-day.

My dolly is sick, and my book is torn,
And my hair has got to be curled ;
And mother is reading. It's real forlorn
To be all alone in the world.

Come out, little girl. Oh ! I wish you would.
[You *must n't* make faces that way.]
I'd lift you out of the shine if I could,
And play with you all the whole day.



“COME OUT, LITTLE GIRL.”

MASTER TREMBLE'S ADVENTURE.

As soon as I take my degree
As a classical scholar perfected,
No sharp politician I 'll be,
Asking favors of all the elected.
No learned profession my plan,
Nor trade, till my courage is blunter ;
For surely, deny it who can ?
The greatest of men is the hunter !



There 's Cummings the bold lion-tamer,
And fearless, undaunted Gérard,
And Baldwin, by tigers made lamer,
And Speke with his cámelopard.

And one of those days 't will be Tremble,—
Most famous of all, I 'll be bound,—
The great lion-crusher, young Tremble,
None equal to him the world round.

Already, I 've tested my mettle :
No cat but will flee at my tread ;
And let a mosquito but settle
And nip me — that instant he 's dead !
Know also that only this morning
A terrible peril I met,
While taking a ramble — no warning —
(That hour shall I ever forget ?)

I was longing at heart for a rifle,
And a chance for some wonderful shot
(A lion seemed then a mere trifle,
I would rather encounter than not),
When, *presto !* a horrible creature
Came buzzing and diving at me,
Aiming straight at my favorite feature —
A horrible, black bumble-bee !

A horrible black humble bumble,
Bound straight for my beautiful nose ;
For an instant (I 'll own) I did tumble,
But quickly in majesty rose.
Each childish emotion I swallowed,
Moving onward as fast as I could ;
The great buzzing monster, he followed
Till we came to a shadowy wood.

Ha! what was that sharp thrill of anguish,
 And what the great swelling that came?
 And why was I rushing and shouting—
 The whole of my face in a flame?
 I knew that the buzzing was louder,
 That my nose was as big as my head;
 I wanted to grind him to powder;
 I wished him a thousand times dead!

Blind battle! my ev'ry-day jacket
 Was tighter than steel coat of mail,
 And the monster kept up such a racket,
 I scarce knew his head from his tail.
 He, plunging and wheeling and darting
 And pitching and screeching at me;
 I, maddened with burning and smarting—
 What wonder I dodged by a tree!

What wonder that soon, in his frenzy,
 My murderous foe bumped his head!
 The tree never tumbled nor tottered,
 But *he* fell co-chunk in its stead.
 Then I turned, in a terrible passion,
 And stamped with my full might and main:
 I stamped in the sledge-hammer fashion,—
 My bee never bumbled again!

Then why should I *not* be a hunter,
 So gallant and fearless and spry?
 What other vocation would answer
 For such a brave fellow as I?

Ah! woe to the beasts of the forest!
And woe to all monsters with wings!
As soon as my studies are over,
I mean to do terrible things.



HARK! hark! O my children, hark!
When the sky has lost its blue
What do the stars sing in the dark?
“We must sparkle, sparkle, through.”

What do leaves say in the storm,
Tossed in whispering heaps, together?
“We can keep the violets warm
‘Till they wake in fairer weather.”

What do happy birdies say,
Flitting through the gloomy wood?
“We must sing the gloom away—
Sun or shadow, God is good.”



THE KITTEN PICTURE.

Two little sisters, one little brother,
Five little kittens, and one cat mother.
One little kit is tossed up overhead,
One little kit is put upon the bed ;
One very little cat, solemn as a fish,
One great big cat is feeding from a dish.
Two little kitty-kits seated on the floor,
Each little kitty-kit washing his own paw.

One little pig-tail. Now, where is that?
One little crown-piece ; cap, is it, or hat ?
Four little blue eyes, and three little chicks ;
Five little kittens full of pretty tricks.
Kitty-kits, pig-tail, blue eyes, and bed ;
Chicks, cat, and crown-piece top of baby's head ;
Dish, tricks, and downy paws being licked so clean,
All, in the picture, are plainly to be seen.

SOME are starving, some are filling,
Some are lazy, and some are willing,
Some are frowzy, and others are curled —
It takes all kinds, sir, to make a world.

THE TERRIBLE BALL.

GIVE me your ear, good children all,
 I'm going to set up a terrible ball —
 A terrible ball that began to grow
 From only the least little speckle of snow.
 And, to make the lesson pointed and plain,
 I'll just remark that life, in the main,
 Is, etcet'ra — you know ; and I hope you 'll be good
 In future to show that you 've understood.



Three lovely, little artless boys,
 All of them being mothers' joys,
 One day decided, in innocent mirth,
 To make a snow-ball as big as the earth.
 What makes the story more touching still,
 The big-eyed school-house on the hill

Was in session, under the cross Miss Stookey,
And these little boys were "playing hookey."



Hookey from Stookey, they worked with a will,
And, from making a ball like a tiny pill,
They rolled and rolled, till, no longer small,
'Twas big as Miss Stookey's waterfall.
Then, like a pumpkin fair and round,
They kept it rolling on the ground —
Bigger, bigger, bigger, bigger,
Bigger, bigger, bigger, bigger !
The boys could hardly push it along,
It grew so mighty stout and strong.

Now, this mammoth ball that began as a pill,
Was made, you must know, on top of a hill ;
This hill was so wonderful steep and high,
That even the coasters would pass it by ;

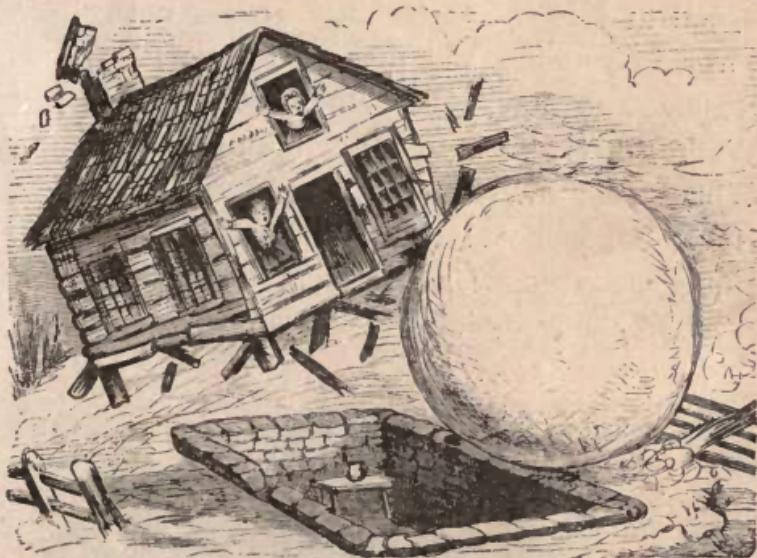
And, saving a road by the cattle made,
It sloped right down, at a fearful grade,
To the meadow where stood a cottage red
Where these little children were born and bred.

“ Halloo !” they cried, “ let’s have some fun,
There’s Stookey’s pig as sure as a gun !”
“ Hooray ! hooray !” cried the children three,
Thus giving vent to their youthful glee.
When — what do you think ? — this ungrateful pill,
That they’d made so big on top of the hill,
With an air that said, “ Now, I think I’ve got ‘em ! ”
Resolved to roll all the way to the bottom.

The ball was swift, the ball was big,
Alas for Stookey’s innocent pig !
Alas for lovers who walked that way,
They ne’er in their lives forgot the day !



Alas for the learn'd Professor Gath
 Who happened to stroll in the snow-ball's path !
 And alas, alas for those children three,
 Who shouted and cheered in their pretty glee !



Rolling, growing, demolishing all,
 On and on went the terrible ball ;
 It left the cattle down on their knees,
 It crushed the fences and bent the trees ;
 Even the hay-stacks went ker-flop.
 It would n't turn, nor it would n't stop,
 But still rolled on in steady motion,
 Making a bee-line for the ocean !

With laugh and shout and merry hoot,
 Those children followed in glad pursuit.
 "Hooray ! hooray !" they cried again,
 And gave the chase with might and main ;

They gave the chase with main and might,
But the terrible ball rolled out of sight.

And now comes the saddest part of all.
(Oh ! that cruel, wicked, terrible ball !)
When at last the three little artless boys,
Tired of running and making a noise,
Resolved to go home to their little bed,
Where, oh ! where was that cottage red ?
Where, oh ! where ? Ask the terrible ball —
Never a home had those children small.
Gone, clean gone ! with picket and paling —
And all their joy was turned to wailing !



MORAL.

Hence it is, and so we see
Thus and so, it seems to me,
As I'm sure you 'll all agree.

A BIRTHDAY RHYME.

TELL me, O youth so straight and tall,
So glad with eager thought!
Have you seen of late a bouncing boy
Brimful of merry sport?
Brimful of merry sport is he,
A lad of fifteen summers,
With velvet lip still smooth and fair,
But a fist that awes all comers.

He used to laugh with unconcern
Whene'er a school-girl met him,
Unconscious quite what wondrous power
She'd have in time to fret him.
He only cared for "fellows" then,
And ball, and "tag," and "shinny,"
And thought a chap who brushed his hair
Was just a fop or ninny.

Somehow, I loved this bouncing boy,
Because he was my own;
I had him here a year ago,
And don't know where he's flown.
I don't know where he's flown, and yet
Whenever you are near—
It's very odd!—I'm reconciled,
Because you grow so dear.

You bear great likeness to my boy
I think, and — strange the whim! —
There's that in you which I have prayed
Might come in time to him.
Then if you'll stay, my dashing youth,
And love me, like the other,
I'll let him go, and, clasping you,
Be still a happy mother.

So hold me close, my bigger boy,
My larger-hearted Harry,
With broader shoulders, older head,
And more of life to carry;
Hold close, and whisper, heart to heart,
Our Lord has blessed us truly,
Since every year we love so well,
And find it out so newly.

With deepened joy and prayerful love
All in the autumn's splendor,
I hail you, boy of mine, and give
A welcome proud and tender.
'Tis grand to take the birthdays in,
If, while the years we're counting,
In heart and soul, in hope and aim,
We steadily keep mounting.

THE GIRL ACROSS THE WAY.

A LITTLE BOY'S VALENTINE.

LITTLE girl across the way,
You are so very sweet,
I should n't be a bit surprised
If you were good to eat.

Some day, when all the blinds are shut,
And Sis is inside thrummin'
(She's takin' music-lessons now),
And horses aint a-comin',

I 'll run across and turn your rope,
Or pull you in your wagon ;
But don't you tell that I said so,
'Cause they might call it braggin.'

If you would only come to me
We'd play at "Catch and Toss ;"
But then my Ma objects to girls,
And it might make her cross.

Now what I'd like, if you would too,
Would be to go and play—
Well, all the time, and all my life,
On your side of the way.

I don't know anybody yet
On your side of the street,
But often I look over there
And watch you — you're so sweet !

When I am big, I tell you what,
I won't care what they say,
I'll go across and stay there too,
On your side of the way.



WILLIE.

THREE-YEAR-OLD WILLIE, bare-footed Willie,
Willie, with hair in a golden-thread tangle ; -
Tottering Willie, self-helping Willie,
Child in whom sweetness and poverty wrangle ;
Willie, whose mother toils in my kitchen ;
Willie, whose father carried a hod ;
Willie, whose childish disdain is bolder
Than the pride of the emperor, favored of God —

Why dost thou knock at my heart, little pauper,
Bidding me love thee, entering there,
Sitting beside little cherubs who blessed me,
Thy manner half saucy, half debonair ?
With garments all tattered and soiled, little Willie,
And face all begrimed ? 'Tis not fitting, you know —
Velvets and laces are mine, naughty Willie,
And poor little boys should not come to me so.

The chubby intruder, still wickedly smiling,
And, ah ! what a shout ! (is he laughing at *me* ?
He surely can't take in a word I am saying)
Now rushes upon me, and climbs to my knee.
And though he is silent, I hear him quite plainly —
To listening hearts a baby can speak —
He tells me (while velvet and rags are blending
And his unkempt hair is brushing my cheek) :

“ I’m a poor little fellow, with no one to teach me ;
But my soul is a new one—fresh from God ;
And he gave it something so brave and holy
It never can turn to an earthly clod.

What though the gifts of the purse are denied me,
Poverty need not look out of my eyes ;
Though it surround me, the bright world beyond it
Neither its warmth nor its beauty denies.

“ The birds never sing, ‘ Little Willie is ragged ! ’
Nor the flowers, ‘ He will soil us ! Take him away ! ’
But they’re glad when I happen to look and to listen,
And the sky is above me night and day.
Did God make you richer because you were better ?
And what if my mother *does* cook for you,
Isn’t she cheerful ? With half of her trials
Would you be as patient, and willing, and true ?

“ And what if my father, with hod and trowel,
Carried and toiled the whole day long,
Did n’t he comfort my mother and love her ?
Did n’t he cheer her with joke and song ?
I never saw him. One bright autumn morning,
Just three years ago, he went to the war—
Went out to battle for you and your country :
And then he never came home any more.

“ Nevermore labored with hod and with trowel,
Never came back with his joke and his song.
Mother would know only working and weeping
If I were not sunny and careless, and strong.

She chides me and kisses me, beats me and blesses,
And prays to the saints that her boy may be good ;
But for work, she would keep me as fresh as a daisy,
Not ragged and soiled, in my babyhood." —

Say no more, Willie ! Mock me and love me !
Into my heart enter blithesomely still.
Bright little soldier's boy, poor little worker's boy,
Shame to the coward who uses thee ill !



IF cows wore satin slippers,
And kits were dressed in silk,
We'd send the mice to dancing-school,
And beg our buttermilk.

BUMBLE, bramble, which came first, sir,
Eggs or chickens? Who can tell?
I'll never believe that the first egg burst, sir,
Before its mother was out of her shell.



NOBODY near him, all in the dark,
Hear how fierce our dog can bark!
Somebody coming, by light of day,
See how doggie scampers away!



OH ! no,
'Tis n't so !
Papa's watch
Won't go ?

It *must* go —
Guess I know !
Last night
I wound it tight,
And greased it nice
With camphor-ice.

THE SUN AND THE STARS.

ONE day, when the sun was going down,
He said to a star hard by :
"Sparkle your best ; for you see, my friend,
I'm going out of the sky."

Now, the little star was old as the sun,
Though rather small of his age,
So he kept quite still in the yellow light,
And looked as wise as a sage.

"I'm going, you see !" cried the sun again,
"Going right out of the sky ! "

And he slid away, but not out of sight
Of that little star hard by.

The little star, peeping, saw him go
On his gorgeous western way ;
And twinkled with fun, as he said, " O Sun !
You're in for another day !

" And as for going out of the sky,
Your majesty knows you can't ;
You are shining somewhere, full and strong,
In spite of your rays aslant."

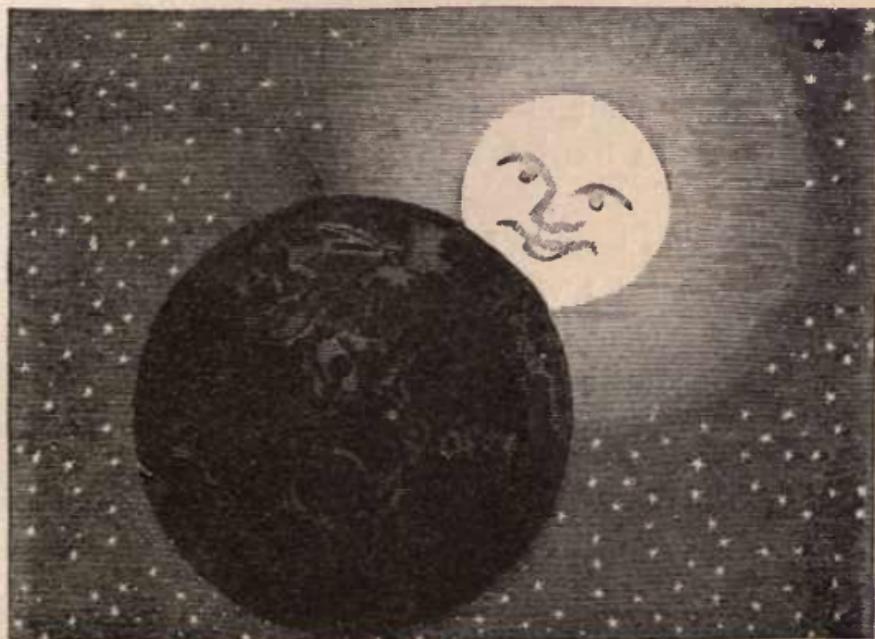
No answer. Then the star grew bright,
And sparkled as neighbors came ;
He told the joke to the twinkling crowd,
And they laughed the sun to shame.

One gay little star was so amused,
That he shot across the sky ;
And all the others bobbed and blinked
To see him go speeding by.

But after awhile, a rosy light
Appeared on the eastern side ;
And, one by one, the stars grew shy,
And tried in the sky to hide.

" Ho ! ho !" the sun broke forth. " Ho ! ho !
Just stay where you are, my dears,
And shine away, for you can't be seen
When all of my light appears.

“The people below will say you are gone,
Though you’re shining. Think of that!
Well, they thought all night I had left the sky,
So it’s only tit for tat.”



LEARNING TO PRAY.

KNEELING, fair, in the twilight gray,
 A beautiful child was trying to pray ;
 His cheek on his mother's knee,
 His bare little feet half hidden,
 His smile still coming unbidden,
 And his heart brimful of glee.

“I want to laugh. Is it naughty? Say,
 O mamma! I've had such fun to-day,
 I hardly can say my prayers—
 I don't feel just like praying ;
 I want to be out-doors playing,
 And run, all undressed, down stairs.

“I can see the flowers in the garden bed,
 Shining so pretty and sweet and red ;
 And Sammy is swinging, I guess.
 Oh ! everything is so fine out there,
 I want to put it all in my prayer,
 (Do you mean I can do it by ‘Yes’?)

“When I say, ‘Now I lay me,’ word for word,
 It seems to me as if nobody heard.
 Would ‘Thank you, dear God,’ be right ?
 He gave me my mother,
 And papa, and brother—
 O mamma ! you nodded I might.” —

Clasping his hands and hiding his face,
Unconsciously yearning for help and grace,
The little one now began.

His mother's nod and sanction sweet
Had led him close to the dear Lord's feet,
And his words like music ran.

“Thank you for making this home so nice,
The flowers, and folks, and my two white mice
(I wish I could keep right on).

I thank you too for every day —
Only I'm 'most too glad to pray
Dear God, I think I am done.

“Now, mamma, rock me — just a minute —
And sing the hymn with 'darling' in it.
I wish I could say my prayers !
When I get big, I know I can,
Oh ! won't it be nice to be a man,
And stay all night down stairs !”

The mother, singing, clasped him tight,
Kissing and cooing her fond “Good night,”
And treasured his every word ;
For well she knew that the artless joy
And love of her precious, innocent boy
Were a prayer that her Lord had heard.

BENNY'S BUTTONS.

How many buttons has Benny,
Counting 'em six for a penny ?
Why, five on his sacque,
And two on the back,
And — would you believe ? —
A pair on each sleeve ;
And six on his trowsers,
Yes, regular rousers !
And eight on his vest —
A grand double-breast —
All eight in full sight
When buttoned up tight.
Then three on one shoe,
While the mate has but two ;
And one at the end
Of his top-snare, depend.
And, ah ! there's the strap
On his regiment-cap,
It begins with a button
And ends with a button ;
And really that's all
I now can recall.
So, counting them six for a penny,
How many buttons has Benny ?

WHAT was the moon a-spying
Out of her half-shut eye?
One of her stars went flying
Across the broad blue sky.

A NURSERY RHYME FOR BIG FOLKS.

Not only the little toddlers,
Perched high on papa's toe,
Bound for a ride to London town,
On childish journeys go—
For we all go up, up, up,
And all go down, down, down-y,
And all go backward and forward,
And all go round, round, round-y.

Still do we reach for sunbeams,
And learn the rattle's trick.
The great big watch of Father Time—
How we love to hear it tick!

To pat a cake for our Tommy,
And pat a cake for ourself—
For that alone we labor and strive,
And hoard up our golden pelf.

This little pig goes to market;
This little pig stays at home;

And we all cry "Wee!" for our mammy
Wherever we chance to roam.

We seek our bed with Sleepyhead,
We stay a while with Slow ;
And fill the pot with Greedy, glad
To sup before we go.

When Jack and Jill go up the hill
To fetch their pail o' water,
As sure as Jack comes tumbling down
Poor Jill comes tumbling arter.

Mistress Marys are still contrary,
Marjorie Daws still sell ;
Mother Hubbards ransack their cupboards
For bones for their ne'er-do-well.

Jack Horners in their corners still
Do ply their busy thumb,
And, "What a big boy!" we always cry
Whenever we see the plum.

"What do you want?" "A pot o' beer."
Alack the bitter wrong !
That grenadier an army hath
How many million strong !

Our wise men into brambles still
Do jump with might and main ;
And those who go to sea in bowls
Rarely come back again.

And don't some hearts, deplored
The things that gnaw and harrow,
Let fall the wheelbarrow, wife and all,
When lanes are rough and narrow?

Ah yes! the old rhymes suit us
As well as ever they did;
For the gist of our lives, from first to last,
Is under their jingle hid —
As we all go up, up, up,
And all go down, down, down-y,
And all go backward and forward,
And all go round, round, round-y.

FIRE-FLIES.

SEE the air filling near by and afar —
A shadowy host — how brilliant they are!

Silently flitting, spark upon spark,
Gemming the willows out in the dark;

Waking the night in a twinkling surprise,
Making the starlight pale where they rise;

Snowing soft fire-flakes into the grass,
Lighting the face of each daisy they pass;

Dancing like jewels high up in the pines;
Drowsily poised on the low-swinging vines;

Startling the darkness, over and over,
Where the sly pimpernel kisses the clover;

Suddenly setting their tapers around,
Now on the fences, now on the ground,

Now on the bushes and tree-tops, and then
Pitching them far into darkness again;

There like a shooting-star, slowly on wing,
Here like the flash of a dowager's ring;

Playing their pranks of living and dying
All in an instant, merrily flying;

Setting the dark, croaking hollows a-gleam,
Spangling the gloom of the ghoul-haunted stream;

Sweet in their gentleness, daring, and cheer,
No depth too dark for them, no place too drear;

They pulse and they sparkle, they glimmer and glow,
Teaching a lesson wherever they go:

Ever in gentle souls shineth a light—
Trusting it ever, no gloom can affright.

FULFILLMENT.

WAKING in May, the peach-tree thought :

“ Idle and bare, and weaving naught !
Here have I slept the winter through —
I, with my Master’s work to do ! ”

Started the buds. The blossoms came,
Till all the branches were a-flame.
She rocked the birds and wove the green,
A busy tree as ever was seen.

Busy and blithe, she drank the dew,
She caught the sunbeams gliding through,
She drew her wealth from sky and soil,
And rustled gayly in her toil.

Now, see the peach-tree’s drooping head,
With all her fruit a-blushing red ;
Knowing her Master’s work is done,
She meekly resteth in the sun.

RESOLUTION.

If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you,
Do it.

If you've any thing to say,
True and needed, yea or nay,
Say it.

If you've any thing to love,
As a blessing from above,
Love it.

If you've any thing to give,
That another's joy may live,
Give it.

If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night,
Light it.

If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night nor day —
Pay it.

If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet,
Meet it.

If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be,
See it.

Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message, sweet and clear,
Whispered down to every ear—
Hear it!



HOW THE NEW YEAR CAME.

THE sun was sinking out of sight.

“Bessie,” said Herbert, “have you heard?

It’s really true, upon my word.

This year is going away to-night.

It’s time is up, they say, and so

At midnight it will have to go.

And, right away, another year

Will come along, a real new year,

As soft as any mouse—

So soft, we’ll hardly hear it creep—

Yes, come right to this very house,
While every one’s asleep!”

Now, Bessie’s eyes grew wide, to hear.

“Let’s keep awake,” she cried, and so

We’ll see one come and see one go—

Two years at once! Wont that be queer?

Let’s tell the New Year it is bad,

We want the one we’ve always had,

With birds and flowers and things, you know,

And funny ice and pretty snow.

It had my birthday, too, in May,

And yours—when was it? and you know

How it had Fourth o’ July one day,

And Christmas. Oh! it *must n’t* go!”

“Ha! ha!” laughed Herbert, “what a Bess
This year was new when first it came.”

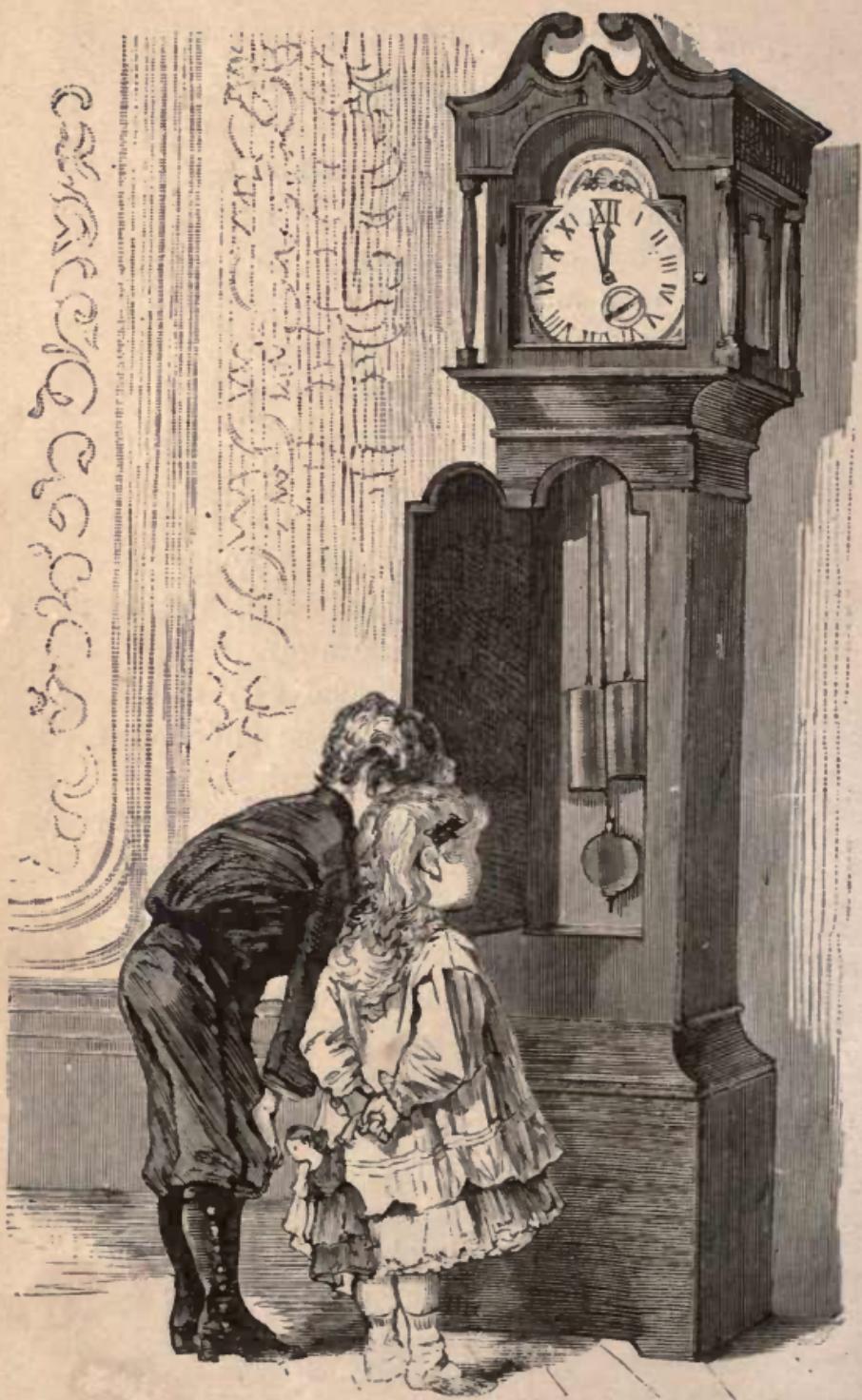
The next one will be just the same
As this that's going now, I guess.

That's nothing. But what bothers me
Is how the change is going to be.
I can't see how one year can go
And one can come at midnight, so
All in a minute — *that's* the bother!
I've heard them say 'the rolling year':
You'd think they'd roll on one another,
Unless they knew just how to steer."

The speck of time 'twixt night and day
Was close at hand. Herbert and Bess
Had won their parents' smiling "yes"
To watch the old year go away.

Nurse on the lounge found easy rest,
Till Bess should come to be undrest;
All but the children were asleep,
And years might roll, or years might creep,
For all they cared; while Bess and Bert,
Who never stirred and scarcely spoke,
Watched the great clock, awake, alert,
All breathless for the coming stroke.

Soon Bessie whispered, "Moll don't care."
Moll was her doll. And Herbert said,
"The clock's so far up overhead
It makes me wink to watch it there,
The great tall thing! Let's look inside!"
And so its door they opened wide:



TICK-A-TICK ! How loud it sounded !
Bessie's heart with wonder bounded.
How the great round thing that hung
Down the middle, swung and swung !
Tick, a-tick, a-tick, a-tick—
Dear, how loud it was, and quick !
Tick-a, tick-a, tick-a, tick-a !
Surely it was growing quicker !
While the swinging thing kept on,
Back and forth, and never done.

There ! It's coming ! Loud and clear,
Each ringing stroke the night alarms.
Bess, screaming, hid in Herbert's arms.
"The year !" he cried, "the year ! the year !"
"Where ?" faltered Bessie, "which ? where'bouts ?"
But still "The year !" glad Herbert shouts ;
And still the steady strokes rang on
Until the banished year was gone.
"We've seen the Old Year out — hurrah !"
"Oh ! oh !" sobbed Bessie, "call mamma.
I don't like years to racket so ;
It frightens me to hear 'em go !"
But Herbert kissed away her tears,
And, gently soothing all her fears,
He heard the New Year coming quick,
Tick, a-tick, a-tick, a-tick !

THE WIND AND THE MOON.

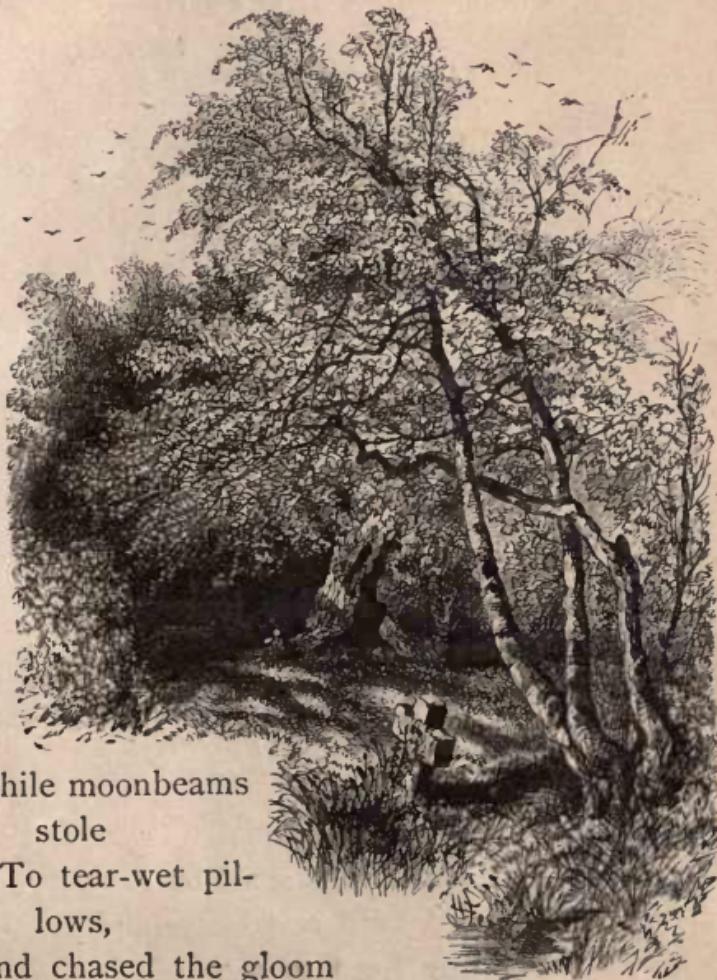
THE wind drove the moon
To a cloud-built cave,
And shut her in
As it were her grave ;

The cave threw wide
A silver portal —
And forth she came,
Serene, immortal !

He piled great clouds
With angry might,
Till lost in gloom
Was all her light ;

The clouds a moment
Held her under,
Then, glorified,
They burst asunder !

The wind that night
Bemoaned and whistled
Till all the forest
Groaned and bristled, —



While moonbeams
stole
To tear-wet pil-
lows,
And chased the gloom
From graveyard willows.

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

AIR, "*Little Drops of Water.*"

FROM the sunny morning
To the starry night,
Every look and motion
Meets our Father's sight.

From our earliest breathing
To our latest year,
Every sound we utter
Meets our Father's ear.

Through our earthly journey,
Wheresoe'er we go,
Every thought and feeling
Doth our Father know.

Let us then be careful
That our looks shall be
Brave and kind and cheerful;
For our Lord to see.

Let us guard each accent
With a holy fear,
Fit our every saying
For our Lord to hear.

Let no thought within us,
 Hidden or confessed;
Ever bring a sorrow
 To our dear Lord's breast.

Help us, O our Father !
 Hear our earnest plea —
Teach thy little children
 How to live for Thee !





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